



G. H. Scott

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THE
WIFE'S RELIEF:

OR, THE
HUSBAND'S CURE.

A
COMEDY.

As it Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL
In DRURY-LANE.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. CHARLES JOHNSON.

—*Perjurum fuit in Maritum
Splendide Mendax.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCXXXVI.



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Earl of
Baron of
Majesty

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To the Right Honourable

HENRY BENTINCK,

Earl of Portland, Viscount Woodstock,
Baron of Cirencester, Captain of Her
Majesty's First Troop of Guards, &c.

My LORD,

TH O' the Success of this Co-
medy has warm'd me with
the Ambition of giving a
Publick Testimony of my
Zeal to Your Service ; yet, I
own, the Pleasure I receiv'd in prefix-
ing Your *Name* before it, gave me a
joyful Pride, that fir'd me beyond all
the Applause of the Theatre.

A 3

Posterity,

Dedication.

Posterity, I am sensible, will in this Approve my Judgment, tho' they Condemn my Play; and the Poem will be Immortal by the Patron. I may say yet farther, that tho' I should attempt to draw the Character of Your Illustrious Family, or Your Person, in the most elevated Images of a poetical Fancy; yet the Ages behind us would for once find History and an Epistle Dedicatory agree.

The Memory of the truly Great and Noble would not perish, tho' there were neither Poets or Historians; they only reflect that Light they receive. Tradition must preserve, and deliver down, their Names and Actions sacred to latest Times——for Honour is a Debt to Merit.

But I confess my Inability, nor dare to sketch out a Design: Where 'tis equally difficult to Draw or Describe You, neither the Poet nor the Painter is in danger of Flattery; yet were it possible either of 'em should succeed, I dare affirm Your Lordship would be the only Person in the World displeas'd with it.

Dedication.

A leisure Hour, if Your Lordship wastes one in reading this Trifle, will soon inform You of those Errors that might escape the most Critical Censure, by the Excellent Action. But I hope they will not prove so much an Exercise for Your Judgment as Your Candor, which first encourag'd me to Devote my self

Your LORDSHIP'S

most Obedient and

most Humble Servant,

Cha. Johnson.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

*B*Right Fancy, Learning, Language, Wit, and Art,
Each in the labour'd Scene shou'd claim a Part;
But Partial Nature lavishly bestows
On One, what wou'd enrich Ten Thousand Brows;
Or 'tis with Labour she creates a Son
Like Shakespear; therefore never form'd but One:
He sham'd the Stage of Athens and of Rome,
And star'd the whole Dramatick World to come.

Well therefore may our Author own his Fears
To tread, where Avon's Swan so oft appears;
To Night he aims to draw Domestick Life,
A Vicious Husband, and a Virtuous Wife;
But as the Passions of the Human Mind
Must strictly be to Nature's Laws confin'd,
He labours that his Wit shou'd timely flow,
And not the Business of the Scene forego.
A seasonable Jest may be allow'd,
But nothing that's Impertinent, is Good;
And yet he writes to please, and frankly owns,
Good Plays have very seldom met your Frowns;
Yet bad ones oft succeed, and Harlequin
Has trick'd your Judgment, when he cur'd your Spleen.

That Author shows the utmost Pow'r of Art,
Who can at once Instruct you and Divert;

His

PROLOGUE.

*His working Passions change, he laughs and mourns,
Tastes Pity, Rage, and Jealousy by turns,
Is always every thing he represents,
And Feels the very Characters he Paints.
Well then, since all must own 'tis hard to find,
And track the various Labyrinths of the Mind,
Pardon the Slips of an incurious Pen,
And if you're pleas'd in gross don't little Faults condemn;
He's in your Power, and hopes you'll use him well;
He vows he'll to no other Court Appeal;
But if he fails, with Modesty confess
He justly merited his ill Success.
Since thus he owns your High and Mighty Powers,
Damn not his Six Months Labour in Three Hours;
The generous Briton always Quarter gives,
And when his Enemy Submits he Lives.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Volatil*, An extravagant young Fellow,
who has consum'd his Fortune; in
Love with *Arabella*, and Friend to
Riot. } Mr. *W. Mills*.
- Riot*, A Debauchee, Husband to *Cynthia*. Mr. *Quin*.
- Horatio*, In Love with *Aurelia*, Impri-
son'd for the Murder of *Valentine*. } Mr. *Esle*.
- Valentine*, Friend to *Horatio*, wounded
by him. } Mr. *Hill*.
- Sir Tristram Cash*, A humorous old
Fellow, Uncle to young *Cash* and
Teraminta. } Mr. *Griffin*.
- Young *Cash*, His Nephew, a lewd
young Fellow, endeavouring to be a
Rake. } Mr. *Macklin*.
- Spitfire*, His Sponge and Bully-Back. Mr. *Cibber*.
- Slur*, } Knights of the Industry. { Mr. *Berry*.
- Hazard*, } Mr. *Winslow*.

W O M E N.

- Cynthia*, A virtuous Woman, Wife to
Riot. } Mrs. *Thurmond*.
- Arabella*, Her Kinswoman, in Love
with *Volatil*. } Mrs. *Clive*.
- Teraminta*, In Love with *Valentine*. Miss *Hill*.
- Aurelia*, In Love with *Horatio*, Neice
to *Sir Tristram*. } Mrs. *Pritchard*.

Servants, &c.

S C E N E, *Covent-Garden*.



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THE
WIFE'S RELIEF:
OR, THE
HUSBAND'S CURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Volatil and Riot.

VOLATIL.

AS that your Wife?

Riot. Even so, *Jack*; my other Half.

Vol. Methinks you use your other Half
very scurvily.

Riot. Ay, she is the heav'nly Part of me;
and the Flesh and the Spirit, you know,

can never agree.

Vol. What can make you uneasy? she brought you
Beauty, Money, and Virtue.

Riot. Why the Woman's well enough; but—but—
she is my Wife, that is, she is my Aversion—I have
but one Symptom that lives within me, to make me be-
lieve I once lik'd her; I am now and then jealous of her.

Vol.

Vol. A very comfortable Mark of your Esteem: Does she not despise you?

Riot. Yes truly, I believe we are Contemptible enough to one another;—Rot this Subject, I shall take you for one of her Relations—— You had ill luck last Night, *Jack.*

Vol. Ay, those inauspicious Dice have robb'd me of my Reputation, my Mistress and my Fortune; 700*l.* (which was my last Stake) gave me the Commission of Captain, and Duce-Ace took it from me; and here I stand before thee, except these Clothes, and this Guinea, as naked as when I came into the World.

Riot. If these be thy Circumstances, make the best of thy way out on't.——

Vol. Yet am I as arrant a Lover, as ever was read of in Romance—— Cruel *Arabella.* [*Aside.*]

Riot. You are a fortunate Fellow.

Vol. In Love to that Excess, I'd marry her.

Riot. That's true, you should be Marry'd to be completely Happy: Why, there's a Girl in our House that I am Guardian to, my Wife's Kinswoman, *Arabella*—— I like her—— I have a mind to lie with her, I suppose that is what you mean by Love.—— But if I get once unharnes'd again, and ever draw more in the Matrimonial Yoke, may I be poison'd with the Sack-Poffet; let her Beggar me, Beat me, Cuckold me, may Heav'n have no Mercy on me, and suffer to die a married Man——

Vol. *Arabella's* Beauty wou'd tempt a Saint, and her Virtue a Libertine; besides, as she's your Ward, methinks——

Riot. Her Father thought fit to trust me with her Fortune, and shall she deny me the Credit of her Person? no, no; she'll wear ne'er the worse. I am resolv'd to take Toll; yes, I'll be her good Man's Taster, she shall die a Maid else, or go to Law for her Subsistence.

Vol. Poor *Arabella*, what wretched Hands art thou fallen into! If I could deliver thee, I might deserve thee. [*Aside.*]

Riot. Tho' she uses me damnably—— I have a mind to give it out she's not worth a Groat; keep all Mankind from courting her, so starve her into Compliance——

Vol. Wou'd that be like a Man of Honour? *Riot.*

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Riot. No, —like a Man of Pleasure— Honour, *Jack*, is a huge Giant of Ice, that melts before our warm Desires; 'tis a Phantom to fright green Girls; it appear'd once to me in the Form of a Wife, and I have hated it ever since.

Enter some Officers bearing Valentine wounded.

1 Offi. A Surgeon, a Surgeon, gently, gently.

Vol. What's the matter?

2 Offi. Nothing, nothing at all, Sir, only a Gentleman is kill'd, and we are carrying him to a Surgeon—

Vol. Hah! *Valentine!* He is not dead; who wounded him?

1 Offi. *Horatio*, Sir; you may see we're in haste.

Vol. They were Friends.

2 Offi. Ay, but Wine and Women made 'em Enemies; they fell out about their Mistresses—— Gently, Neighbour, Gently.—— [*Exe. Officers and Body.*]

Riot. Thou art reputed a Fellow of high and mighty Valour; look ye there's your grinning Honour, as Sir *John* says; what a couple of pretty Fellows are here thrown away for some unseasonable Jest, the refusing a Toast, or perhaps a seeming Negative only expounded into the flat Lye——

Vol. 'Tis true, good Manners have made us Barbarous; we are civiliz'd into Brutes; an affected Politeness has almost reduc'd us into *Hobs's* first State of Nature.

Riot. I've known a Nobleman accept a Challenge from a Pickpocket.

Vol. 'Tis indeed whimsical to see a Gentleman engag'd with a Sharper, and a Man of real Worth put his Life in competition with a Rascal, who can hardly deserve the Honour of being kick'd by his Footman.

Riot. I'll never give the Thief an Opportunity to commit Robbery and Murder too—No, if I do play off my Money in bad Company, let the tame *Banditti* take it—

Vol. Thou hadst rather skirmish with a Petticoat.

Riot. But if ever I fight for one, may the next Suit I make be the Hangman's Fee: Look ye, here's the Prisoner—How now, *Horatio*? What, in Captivity?

Horatio carrying to Prison.

Hor. Ev'n so, Gentlemen: Call'd to my Account.

Vol. Be not dejected; *Valentine* may live.

Hor. The Surgeon fears it; come lead me where you will

will—— Poor *Aurelia*, this News will wound thee too.
[*Aside*]——*Exit*.

Vol. Has there not been a Match talk'd of for some time between those two Gentlemen, *Horatio* and *Valentine*, and the two young Ladies at Sir *Tristram Cash* the Banker's?

Riot. Ay, the rash Fools were to be married, they have been engaged by Contract for some time; *Horatio* to *Aurelia*, and *Valentine* to *Teraminta*—— but that old wayward Blockhead Sir *Tristram* has all along oppos'd the young Peoples Inclinations. Tell me, *Vol*, how often you have been a Second in these honourable Conflicts.

Vol. I have lost some hot Blood on that Account, which my cool Reason tells me I was a Fool for;—— how often indeed have I been summon'd out o' my warm Bed to bleed in the Cause of a Drunkard or a Strumpet! I hate the Remembrance; but I know the World——

Riot. And the World knows you;—— a Man of try'd Courage is safe in this Town: You'll not die by the Sword, *Jack*, take care of the Scabbard.

Vol. Men that counterfeit Hero's, like Women that set up for Saints, keep only Cowards at a distance; for your noisy Pretenders both to Courage and Virtue are Bullies and Hypocrites——

Riot. Right; every Man wears his Conscience like his Cloke, to keep out ill Weather: Shall we follow *Horatio*, and inquire how we may serve him?

Vol. I am engaged to meet Sir *Tristram Cash*.

Riot. Sir *Tristram*! What in the Name of Wonder can this Conjunction portend, a Banker and a Bankrupt. *Cent. per Cent.* and Nothing *per* Nothing.

Vol. He sent a Servant to assure me he wou'd wait on me; I owe him nothing, and I think he does not come to borrow of me——

Riot. The Devil has sent him to tempt thy Poverty; may be he would qualify you for a Knight of the Post—— Where's his Nephew——

Vol. Just return'd piping hot from the University; where his poor Tutor has been three Years cultivating Sand—— That Fellow is a piece of restive Earth that can feel no Plough, take no Manure, not so much out of invincible Stupidity as irreclaimable Obstinacy.

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Riot. His Uncle shou'd have bred him to his own Bu-
siness.

Vol. He might have thriven in the City with these re-
tentive Qualities— for he has a Face naturally set to Bu-
siness, and the Seeds of Cozenage lie hid in his Complexi-
on ;— but his Uncle has order'd him to be a Gentleman,
nay, he will have him a fine Gentleman too, and allows
the Boy to Drink, Wench, Fight, Game, any thing that
may make him an accomplish'd Rake.

Riot. And yet if the Child is not naturally lewd, he
will make but an awkward Debauchee.

Vol. He would purchase for his Nephew that which
Nature has absolutely deny'd him, which makes his Vi-
ces become him as ill as his Clothes; but the old Block-
head has such an implicit Faith in his Mony, he believes
every Thing is to be bought.

[*Exit Riot.*]

Enter Sir Tristram Cash.

Sir Trist. Mr. *Volatil*, your most Faithful Servant.

Vol. I was coming to you, Sir *Tristram*.

Sir Trist. 'Tis my good Fortune I have prevented your
giving your self so great a Trouble— There is an Affair,
Sir, in which I must desire your Favour.

Vol. Command me, Sir—

Sir Trist. Nay, Sir, I will be thankful too, I know
you are a Gentleman.

Vol. Then you can't think me Mercenary.

Sir Trist. I beseech you, Sir, mistake me not; Virtue
ought to be rewarded, Honour must be cherish'd.

Vol. Well, Sir, what is your Intention? pray clear up
my Understanding.

Sir Trist. Whe' Sir, you have the Character of a
brave Fellow—

Vol. You are merry, Sir *Tristram*; what, banter your
Friend!

Sir Trist. Patience!— A Word only— I mean People
generally say, or 'tis their Opinion, that you are a very
Valiant Gentleman, one that dares fight and maintain his
Honour at all odds; the Fencing-Masters all own it, and
the Bullies strike to you. Ah, I have heard 'em when you
have passed by cry That's *Volatil*, true as his Sword; and
tho' he has not had the Luck to kill so many Men as
others, he dares fight with those that have.

Vol.

Vol. This is a very odd Prologue; whose Throat is to be cut ——— pray Sir to the Point — I don't think your Business is to invite me to be your Second ———

Sir Trist. Alack, Sir, good lack, Sir, — he, he, — I am no Fighter now, tho' I have broke a Foil formerly. — In truth, Sir, I do come about a fighting Business.

Vol. What, I must beat some body for you.

Sir Trist. Not so, noble Sir; and yet I am come to borrow a little Valour which I would repay in Gold; 'tis a thing you may easily consent to, and 'twill oblige me for ever ———

Vol. Good Sir, be particular.

Sir Trist. Why, Sir, — Hem — I have a Nephew, Sir —

Vol. I know him ———

Sir Trist. I design he shall be my Heir: He and my Neice *Teraminta* are the only two of my Name ——— Now I hope my Nephew may in time be made a pretty Fellow ———

Vol. Very well ——— go on.

Sir Trist. You may have heard perhaps, or you may believe I have a pretty Estate too.

Vol. You are reckon'd half a Plumb at least.

Sir Trist. I have more than I shall spend — Now, Sir, I come to you — I wou'd have this Nephew of mine converse with Gentlemen ———

Vol. So he does.

Sir Trist. Nay, I don't pinch him in his Allowance; they had almost spoil'd him at the College, they cramm'd him so with your Logicks and your Ethnicks, that if he had not had a Constitution to have brought 'em up again presently, the Boy had been ruin'd — I permit him now and then a Bottle and a Wench ———

Vol. Liberally done ——— but how came you to breed him thus? Why did you not train him up a Cit, in the Road of your Family ———

Sir Trist. My Nephew's Great-Grandson will be a Citizen again.

Vol. Again ——— how so?

Sir Trist. Why, we Cits, as you call us, tho' we hate Gentlemen, are proud to breed our Children so — but in three Generations they always come back into their
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Shops — as thus, — We purchase Land, our Gentlemen Children live high and Mortgage, the Grand-Children sell, and the Great-Grand-Children are always Prentices again —

Vol. This is a whirl of Fortune quite round her Wheel; or take it thus, Sir *Tristram*; we Courtiers make you Cuckolds, you wriggle into our Estates; Poverty makes our Children Citizens, and you Cuckold us again; a Circular Justice, the World turns round; — but to your Nephew —

Sir *Trist.* I love him fondly, I shou'd be loth to lose him; and to secure him with his Mistress, his Life and his Honour, I come to you.

Vol. Out with it, Man —

Sir *Trist.* What shall I give you, Sir, to let him —

Vol. What?

Sir *Trist.* Pray be not angry.

Vol. Not in the least, Sir.

Sir *Trist.* There can be no Security like it in the World, I'll pay for it with all my Soul — Heartily —

Vol. For what?

Sir *Trist.* What shall I give you, Sir, to let him —

Vol. What?

Sir *Trist.* Beat you, Sir.

Vol. How?

Sir *Trist.* Nay, don't misapprehend me — tho' I have but a coarse way of expressing my self, I mean, that it shou'd be done with your Consent — my Nephew is raw in the Town — Now as in the City the Reputation only that a Man is able to fine for Alderman will in a little time make him one; who knows but the Boy may become Valiant in earnest. However, Sir, I pray you give him Credit for a little Courage for this time; if he draws upon you, Honour his Bill, and you'll oblige your Faithful Servant, Sir *Tristram*.

Vol. And you wou'd have him beat me.

Sir *Trist.* Right — Yet again, don't misconceive me — with your Favour — I wou'd not have him hurt you much; if you think fit, he shall quarrel with you at a Tavern, or where you please — Let him only throw a Candlestick —

Vol.

Vol. At my Head.

Sir Trist. Ay — or a Quart Pot — still with Submission, Sir, only that some of your Friends or Acquaintance may see he dares affront you, and come off with Honour — handsomly — Look'e here are some Guineas, let them speak in my Behalf — [*Gives him a Purse.*]

Vol. Well said, old Gent. — Ay, this is à propos.

Sir Trist. You must know further, his Mistress *Aurelia*, who lives in my House, won't marry him till he has brought Proofs of his Courage — besides, when we have a Peace I'll purchase him a Post in the Army —

Vol. And you freely give me all this to let your Nephew beat me?

Sir Trist. Dear Sir, take me with you; I don't mean that he shou'd hurt you — dangerously — Let him only break your Head — or draw a little Blood — so he come off bravely, that's all —

Vol. Very well — He is not to endanger Life or Limb, only to get a little Credit on me, be flesh'd — and thought Valiant by engaging with me —

Sir Trist. You take me right, Sir.

Vol. I'll put up your Mony — 'tis a Bargain — send your Nephew to me, we'll agree.

Sir Trist. Agree, Sir, — Why you must quarrel, and he must beat you, or the Bargain's void.

Vol. But we must conclude together first how things shall be.

Sir Trist. You must be secret too, or all is ruin'd.

Vol. Here's my Hand —

Sir Trist. There's a great deal of Mony, Mr. *Volatil* — for a little Passive Valour only. I'll send him to you — but Mum — no Words, for my Nephew's Credit. [*Ex. Trist.*]

Vol. [*alone.*] Fortune is in a merry Mood, and courts my Favour for her ill Usage of me last Night — Well, *Sir Tristram* shall be obey'd; I'll lull my Spirit asleep — Muzzle up my Choler — and let the Cur have a snap at the Mastiff. Old Mammon might be in the right in his Notion, if the Boy had Discretion to carry it; for I believe many a sensible Coward has gone peaceably out of the World undiscover'd — But an improv'd Block-head, like young *Cash*, must appear naked to all Eyes, and

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and his Courage be known to be purchas'd, like his Coat of Arms.

*In vain he dresses in the Lion's Case,
While he wears Ears, an Ass will be an Ass.* [Ex. Vol.

S C E N E II. *Riot's House.*

Enter Riot and Arabella.

Arab. I'll not be made Love to.

Riot. You shall hear how beautiful you are.

Arab. You'll flatter me——

Riot. I swear I won't.

Arab. Do, Cousin, you'll oblige me infinitely— Oh, to be handsomly flatter'd is so happy an Amusement, 'tis like a gay Dream, which if one was never to be wak'd from, wou'd be very near the real Enjoyment——

Riot. I'll out-lye your Glass, your Picture, your Chamber-maid, or your Vanity; I'll turn Poet, and refine my Fancy to tickle your Imagination; nay, if you love Flattery you shall be luxuriously treated— I'll have a Collection of Dedications, Addresses, Funeral-Sermons, and Love-Letters thrown into an Alembick, and distill the luscious Nonsense for Food to your Pride——

Arab. I am not for living upon Froth, no Body wou'd make a Dinner of whipt Cream— Yet a little something handsomly said by way of Desert, gives such an agreeable Turn to our Thoughts—— I'll tell you a Secret, Cousin, 'tis the Flatterer not the Lover that prevails——

Riot. How so?

Arab. Because we are fonder of being admir'd than belov'd.

Riot. Then 'tis what we say, not what we do, that wins you. Let me therefore swear how passionately I love you— Come you shall not be thus cold.

Arab. Can I help it, if I have a little too much Frost in my Constitution.

Riot. I'll warm you into Life and Love.

Arab. Agreeable Trifler.

Riot. Pretty Impertinent— tho' I am marry'd to your good Kinswoman, I bring you my Heart whole, Child— And I swear, I were not wiv'd——

Arab. You wou'd draw in the Team with me—— Thus I make my lowest Acknowledgments. [Curties.

Riot. I wou'd, by those dear Eyes; thank Heav'n, my Wife is not Immortal, she may one Day be no more, and then — But in the mean time let us take a Taste of Happiness —

Arab. A Taste — how sneakingly it looks to steal ones Pleasure; I am for a short Grace and a long Meal.

Riot. Pleasant! but you are young, and have a Heart full of Joy.

Arab. Yes, I thank it poor Fool, it keeps me warm and makes me merry.

Riot. Prithee, *Arabella*, let us finish this Business.

Arab. Upon one Condition the Business as you call it shall be finish'd.

Riot. Name it —

Arab. Get your Wife's Consent, and you shall command mine.

Riot. I'd undertake sooner to make the Grand Tour — Poor Creature, she wou'd willingly let no Body give me Joy but herself; tho' she has such solid Assurance 'tis entirely out of her Power —

Arab. And yet is she at this Hour not only one of the finest but best Women in the Town.

Riot. Pious enough — what have we to do with Saints o'this side of the Grave?

Arab. The most jealous Eye cou'd never find a Flaw in her Virtue, nor the most envious in her Person —

Riot. Can you find no Theme but my Wife?

Arab. Besides, she brought you a plentiful Fortune; and rais'd you from nothing, when you cou'd not dispose a Shilling.

Riot. I was a handsom Fellow — she lik'd me; and bought me at the Price of Liberty; were I free again, I wou'd not sell it for all the Mines of *Potosi* —

Arab. And yet just now you swore you wou'd marry me.

Riot. Ay, thee Child, only thee.

Arab. Mr. *Riot*, were it possible for you to see your Mind as your Face in a Glass — and behold how ugly, how black your Ingratitude to *Cynthia* has made you — You look so like a Fiend, you wou'd never dare to open your Lips of Love to any Woman breathing.

Riot. I vow you're a perfect Mistress of Panegyrick —

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But you know your very Anger fits easy on you —
and have a mind to raise a little more Blood to heighten
your Features.

Arab. Wou'd you were heartily in Love with me —
If I did not make you as heartily repent your ill Usage
of my Cousin — I'd never write my self Spinster more —
Adieu Monster. [Exit Arab.

Riot. Adieu Virgin — In Love with thee! no, *Ara-*
bella, no, my Brute calls for Enjoyment; I have a mind
to you, as a Man may have to a handsom Horse or a fine
House; but if you are not to be purchas'd, why your
Virtue is a Bubble to your Pride; and Mony a worse
Bawd than Nature, that's all — What pity 'tis that
Woman can't find the Way to [Pointing to his Wife.

Enter Cynthia.

Heav'n: Has she no Conscience to stick so eternally to
one? — So Madam, how did your Monkey rest last
Night? — What a pious praying Face is there? — Oh!
you han't finish'd your Devotions, I won't disturb you —
[Going.

Cynth. Pray, Sir, stay. Why do you use me thus un-
worthily? If my Crimes are not past Cure, let me know
'em, and I'll endeavour to amend — 'tis the industrious
Labour of my Life to please you —

Riot. It may be in your Inclination, but 'tis not in
your Power.

Cynth. How have I disoblig'd you?

Riot. I don't like you.

Cynth. You marry'd me.

Riot. Ay, pox on't, 'tis upon Record; let the Govern-
ment give the Parsons a Power to Un-noose, their Wi-
geons, in six Months we'll lay a Fine down for our Li-
berty, shall pay the Debts of the Nation — To be
plain, *Cynthia*, I never was very Fond of thee; — I
marry'd thee for thy Soul's sake — yet I can't say I
absolutely hate thee; no, I dare look on thee, take thee
by thy Hand, sleep in the same House — and some-
times in the same Bed —

Cynth. If you can't love me, 'tis hard you shou'd des-
pise me.

Riot. Despise thee! no, no, thou art a good piece of
Family Furniture, yet thou shou'dst not always wear thy

Husband like thy Wedding-Ring, 'tis not fashionable —

Cynth. Ungrateful as you are, you know my Affection is yet stronger than my Duty — I wear my Marriage-Ring around my Heart, 'tis there the Emblem of my never-dying Faith and Love.

Riot. 'Tis a Conjuror's Circle; the Devil without, and Art Magic within — a sort of Orthodox Inchantment.

Cynth. Come, Sir, leave this common Place Raillery upon Marriage — 'tis poor — every pitiful Ape of a Libertine is full of it — Let me speak to your Judgment, I know you have Reason when you please to use it — Since I may not hope to regain your deprav'd Desires — to become a pleasing Wife, let me at least be thought an agreeable Companion, a serviceable Friend.

Riot. Ay, now you speak; and will you not be Jealous?

Cynth. I'll be obedient to my Fortune — I will not urge, with one unwelcome Word, your Shame — 'Tis mine, and I'll conceal it — If your Heart has made a Choice more worthy, I forgive it — Pursue your Pleasures — Drive without a Rein your Passions — I am the Mistress of my own Mind, that shall not mutiny — If I retrieve you, I shall be thankful — if not, you are and must be still my Lord.

Riot. I'll try how far this Fool's passive Duty would oblige her; [*Aside.*] — This may do, but don't talk on't — and if I brought home a Leveret, you would show her to her Apartment, lock the Door, keep your Chamber, and not appear but when you are call'd to preside at Table, or so —

Cynth. You shall not keep a Servant more obedient.

Riot. And if I shou'd really bring home a Mistress —

Cynth. You are Master of your House.

Riot. If there should be one already in the House.

Cynth. Put me to the severest Proof.

Riot. Well said, — I shall find Business for you — You must know I like your Kinswoman —

Cynth. How!

Riot. I have a mind to her; — but she is so untoward, so peevish, and so cold: — Now one Woman with another may do more than twenty Men: — Look ye, if you would assist me here you might prove your self a serviceable Friend.

Cynth.
Riot.

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Cynth. Sir, this is Brutal — Barbarous —

Riot. Relaps'd into Wife already — very Wife —

Why, Madam, you see I don't go out of the Family — I don't wander out of the Blood — Come, come, this will justify the Truth of your Pretensions.

Cynth. You are a very Tyrant, and my Obedience, like Water flung upon a raging Fire, only inflames your Follies — [Exit Cynthia.]

Riot. Let me see; why do I use this Woman thus horribly? She had, when I marry'd her, a good stock of Mony and Beauty, both which she sacrific'd to me, as to the Grave or the Seas, without the hopes of a Return — What then — 'tis not Gratitude, but Restraint and Fasting that sets the edge of our Stomach: She has given me all — Ay — that All's the Devil — my Desires are satisfied, and I have not a Drachm of Expectation left — Fancy governs the Blood — and when the Imagination is cloy'd, Reason is a Slave to Appetite — the despotic Ruler of our Souls and Bodies — Now Cynthia is always the same Tune, the same Object, the same Dish — that is, the same Woman, — How now, Jack?

Enter Volatil.

Vol. Musing — What very weighty Trifle is it that makes you Think?

Riot. My Wife, she has been setting my Conscience at me.

Vol. I met her in Tears, a Pearl or two stole away as she pass'd by me; but what is the Occasion?

Riot. Why, she found my Mind out of Tune, and she wou'd undertake, forsooth, to make Musick of me — 'Tis as nauseous to be oblig'd, as to oblige, against one's Inclinations —

Vol. You can't be angry with her for endeavouring to become agreeable to you.

Riot. But I am, Sir — I hate to be cram'd — Tho' I think I have now given her a substantial Proof I don't Doat; I have told her my Design upon her Kinswoman —

Vol. Very good.

Riot. Nay, I went farther — For the Wench seeming a little obstinate and harden'd in her Virtue, I propos'd that she shou'd mollify and mould her for me.

Vol.

Vol. Ay, make use of the Handicraft of her Sex —
Alamode de Procureffe, or so ; and she consented —

Riot. No, Faith, it went plaguily against her Stomach, and we parted ; and this was all the Business that wet her Cheeks and ruffled my Forehead.

Vol. You have a mind to be strangled in your Sleep.

Riot. Since she can give me no Satisfaction, *propria Personâ*, 'tis her Duty as a Help-meet.

Vol. Some Women wou'd tear your Mistress's Eyes out, or present you with her Nose.

Riot. Ay, but my Lamb has no Passion ; she is so tame, no urging can raise her to a spark of Fire.

Vol. In how false a Mirrour you behold that Woman — she does really want a little Bitterness of Spirit to correct the Sweetness of her Disposition ; her Blood is too oily and smooth —

Riot. Right ! a hot Word or two now and then wou'd stir one a little — She is as Insipid as dead Diet-Drink — No more on't, this Subject too is tasteless — Where's your Knight ? What was his Business ?

Vol. My good Friend, Sir *Tristram* ; the most sensible old Fellow I ever met with.

Riot. How !

Vol. He speaks directly to our Passions — There's no denying our Conviction, when he argues —

Riot. Wonderful —

Vol. Sir, says he, the People report you Valiant ; for my sake be a Coward — You never took a Blow, therefore I beg you'll be Beat : — I think it for the Credit of our Family that my Nephew break your Head : Then, with four Ounces of his *Aurum Fulminans*, look ye, he blew up my Resolution in a moment.

Riot. Gold — I'll not believe it.

Vol. Perish then in thy Infidelity !

Riot. Does the old Fool think that Courage too is to be purchas'd ?

Vol. Why not, as well as a Regiment or a Red Coat ? — You don't imagine the old Gentleman designs he shall wear his Valour every Day — No — no — 'tis by way of Surtout only, to slip on in a Storm — Believe me, *Riot*, the deluding Images of our Sleep are not generally

rally falser than such Appearances to our waking Eyes:
We all are Actors 'till we hop off this Stage into the
next ——— then we undress ———

Riot. We are under a necessity to be Hypocrites —
How odd it wou'd look to go naked in a Country
where every Body wears Clothes?

Vol. I think my Lady *Ceruse* no more remembers
her own Face, than the worthy Peer her Husband when
he spoke Truth last.

Riot. How shou'd they? She never kept her Com-
plexion, nor my Lord his Word, two Days together —

Vol. So that between 'em they make a *Picture* of the
most sincere Soul and Body.

Riot. Then why shou'd not young *Cass* buy his Cou-
rage? Lord *Foppington* purchas'd his Barony.

Vol. Will you see the young Academick make his En-
trance i'th' School of Courage?

Riot. I'll follow you in half an Hour.

Vol. What! *Cynthia* is to have another Lesson — I
admire thee for thy plain Dealing.

Riot. To my Wife — Right, my Desire of Liberty is
not personated.

Vol. Yet methinks your Aversion is so unreasonable,
it looks like Affectation. You wou'd not be a Cuckold —

Riot. No — I shou'd look awkwardly with Horns —
Her Virtue will secure that Point.

Vol. If that too shou'd be taken up, and supported
only by her Vanity.

Riot. Then she is a Martyr to her Folly: 'Tis equal
to me whether her Pride or her Virtue keeps her Ho-
nest.

Vol. Ah! they often wear their Pride, like their Lawn
Hoods, to incite our Desires; it makes the Skin look so
white — besides, the Distance adds to the Beauty of
the Prospect.

*Women like Landchapes are, and the most Coy,
The Nicest only best deceive the Eye;
Well shadow'd they look Gay in distant Light,
But very few can bear the nearer Sight.* [Exeunt.]



A C T II. S C E N E I.

SCENE, Sir *Tristram's* House.

Enter Teraminta and Aurelia.

Aur. O H *Teraminta*, must *Horatio* die?

Ter. He must, my Friend, the clamorous
Cry of Blood

Pierces the tuneful Spheres; and angry Heav'n,
Like a hard Creditor, demands his Due.

Aur. Then both are slain, each by the other's Hand;
For my *Horatio* but survives thy *Valentine*,
To taste the bitterness of Shame and Thought.

—— Oh foolish Honour, oh fantastick Pride:
Is Death the Price of each intemp'rate Word,
Which Wine, or Heat, or Jealousy might urge?
Oh barbarous Custom, which the Base alone
Elude;—— while oft the truly Great and Brave
Obey thy Magick Laws, and rashly run
To purchase Honour with Eternal Shame.

Ter. Yes, my *Aurelia*, the last setting Sun
Beheld us blest'd; happy in mutual Love,
And sweet Content, the Harmony of Souls;
But ah! he never rose again to chear us:
'Then let us greedily indulge our Grief,
And nurse Despair; yet you may hope, *Aurelia*,
For Hope still lives, while thy *Horatio* lives.

Aur. Your Uncle's Interest yet may save his Life,
For Royal Mercy steps between the Law,
And blunts its Edge —— Yes he has promis'd too,
To use it all —— If you consent he Lives.

Ter. Yes, he may live, *Aurelia* —— But, just Heav'n,

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Upon what Terms ; if I consent to Wed
The Murderer of my Love, ere yet his Wounds
Are cold; while yet his bleeding Image swims
In my distracted Brain — Wou'd not his Spirit,
His injur'd Ghost, burst all the Bars of Fate,
And blast us at the Altar —

Aur. I find my Friendship conquer'd by my Love,
While my poor Heart beats hard to save *Horatio*.
Oh save him, let not the devouring Grave
Take all — I willingly resign my Right.

Ter. *Horatio* will not purchase Life so dear.
You too wou'd then forget him; or with Scorn
Behold us both a wretched Perjur'd Pair.

Aur. Ah no, with just Submission to my Fate
I'll visit you sometimes; I'll call you Sister;
I'll be content to hear *Horatio's* well,
And if some silent Drops steal unawares
Down my pale Cheeks; believe 'em Tears of Joy
To see you both are happy —

Ter. No more; my Uncle comes —

Enter Sir Tristram.

Sir Trist. What, always lowring: rainy Weather
still, my Wenches — come clear up, clear up —
Horatio shall live, Neice — Ay, he shall — what, he
kill'd him fairly; but you must be Married to him,
Teraminta, you must, Hussey; he is a very pretty Fel-
low, with a good 2000 *l.* a Year.

Ter. If you consider'd, Sir, — how base, how low —

Sir Trist. What, give me none of your fine Speeches;
I have consider'd, and I do consider — you head-
strong Baggage, to tell me of considering: Looke *Au-*
relia will lose nothing by the Bargain, for she shall
have *Bob*, and *Bob* is as pretty a Fellow as *Horatio*;
and when I go off the Stage, I'll leave him a few Bags
to play with — I will —

Aur. Your Scale of Interest, Sir, goes false in Love,
Love's a Celestial Fire — a Genial Spark
Struck from that Soul, which animates the Globe,
And with Contempt beholds your Earth-born Gold,
The God of Fools, and hireling Tool of Knaves —

Sir Trist. Very pretty — *a la Romanski* — now Pox on the Fools that first taught Women to Write and Read; these Romances and Novels spoil all our Children — Your Poetical Scriblers would make all the World Madmen and Lovers — why you are both Mad, Lunatick, touched in the Brain; why, what *Aurelia*, wou'd you have a fine Gentleman here, and 2000*l.* a Year flung away, only because you can't consent to part with him — As for that Gilflirt, I'll make her obey my Commands, or I'll break her stubborn Heart.

Aur. I know *Horatio* never will consent, He cannot, dare not buy his Life so dear : For Truth and he are one ; our Vows are seal'd And register'd in Heav'n —

Sir Trist. Good agan — Register'd — I'll try that, lookee if he does not consent, 'tis no Match ; — but the young Fellows of this Age, Madam, are generally of Complexions too Sanguine to die for Love : Ay, they'll tell you a thousand pretty things which they no more design, and you poor Chickens believe every Word ; well, well, enjoy your Fools Paradise — Dream on, I'll wake you both I warrant ; this Afternoon I'll visit *Horatio*, and bring you his Resolution : You'll find his Flesh will get the better of his Spirit ; in the mean time turn the Course of your Tears, it spoils your Eyes and your Complexions horribly, horribly, Children. [Exit.]

Ter. Oh my *Aurelia*, let our Sorrows join,
Mingle, my Friend, thy social Tears with mine :
Yes *Valentine*, these Springs shall ever flow,
'Tis all the Tribute I can pay thee now.

Aur. Magnificent in pompous Grief we'll mourn, }
While each alternately her Lover's Urn, }
With baleful Yew and Cypress, shall adorn. }

S C E N E II. *Riot's House.*

Enter Cynthia and Arabella.

Cynth. Tell me, *Arabella*, what shall I do with this untoward Husband of mine ? How shall I mend him ?

Arab.

Arab. 'Tis impossible— your Advice falls like Water thro' a Sieve—— Indeed I never could read that the Charms of a Woman's Eloquence ever had any mighty Force, when those of her Person were expir'd, in the Eyes of her Lover I mean; you may as well persuade a Man to dance that has lost the use of his Limbs.

Cynth. Sure neither my Glass, nor my Vanity deceive me, when I think my self not disagreeable.

Arab. That wou'd be owned by your Rival— but he has a Green-sickness-Appetite, and delights in Chalk and Oatmeal, when he may have wholsom Food.

Cynth. I wou'd restore him by Indulgence, allure him back by Obligations; sure his Soul is not so obdurate, but Gratitude must make some Impressions.

Arab. His vicious Blood is now absolute Monarch of his Soul and Body too; all the Faculties of his Mind, as well as his Limbs, are the little Cringing Ministry, the Slaves that serve his unlawful Desires; thirty or forty Years hence perhaps there may be a Revolution, that is, when this Heat is boil'd off, and his Fears are become stronger than his Desires, he may repent of his Crimes to Heav'n and you.

Cynth. Oh how he swore, and sigh'd, and loved, and vowed, when first he courted me!

Arab. Like enough—— nay, I believe he did; but if you wou'd have made him constant, you shou'd still have kept him at your Feet.

Love's a Cameleon and must feed on Air,

It surfeits when it comes to grosser Fare,

as *Suckling* says: Superstition is painted blind, 'tis Ignorance makes Bigots—— If we wou'd have the Fellows pray, we must keep 'em Fasting——

Cynth. What sort of a Devotee is Mr. Riot, Cousin? I know you are his present Deity.

Arab. He makes Love, as a sturdy Beggar asks Alms; that is, he looks as if he wou'd knock one down if one did not consent.

Cynth. Then he is not the politest Worshipper.

Arab. Ah no, rough, brutal, savage, without any Ceremony; he calls for the last Course first.

Cynth. Do you love me, Kinswoman?

Arab. Don't mock my poor Heart, *Cynthia*. Wild as it is, it cannot wrong my Friendship — But losing Gamesters, and jealous Lovers, have leave to speak.

Cynth. You wrong me, I am not Jealous, so far from it, I wou'd have you love my Husband——

Arab. Love him! How?

Cynth. As I do, with a Resolution to sacrifice your self and your Desires to him.

Arab. This Suspicion is a base-born Brat, and will infect the purest Blood. I shall forget I knew you; you make me angry. Come Cousin, don't let this Yellow-Jaundice corrupt your Reason: He shall sooner leave a Spot on the Sun than my Virtue.

Cynth. I know it, my Dear—— yet such were his Commands to me, and I implicitly obey his Orders——

Arab. Your Pray'rs and Tears will bring the Refugee home at last; if not, you must forget him——

Cynth. In order to that end, *Arabella*, I intreat you seem to give Encouragement to his Desires; flatter his Hopes a little; I have my Reasons for it, and I beg it of you.

Arab. This is playing with Fire; I shall have you break out.!

Cynth. Impossible; but if he still addresses you, let me know it; I have form'd a Project that may turn to the Advantage of us both— Ask not my Plot beforehand— But see he comes. [Exit Cynthia.

Enter Riot.

Riot. How now, Ladies—— What Consultation were you two upon? Ambitiously extending the Borders of your Petticoats, or penuriously narrowing the Muslin of your Heads, 'till you look like the Sign of the Sugar-Loaf with a little White on 'Top, and rise to a Point like a Pyramid.

Arab. No Sir, we were upon Matrimony, and it was carry'd *Nemine Contradicente*, that it was wholly unnatural to see a brutish Husband without Horns.

Riot. And you were persuading my Wife to Cuckold me?

Arab. With all my Might.

Riot. Thus I pay my Thanks [Kissing her.] Prithee do

do the good Office on both sides, and help me to Cuckold her in return — Gad thou art a glorious Girl [*Kissing her.*] as soft, as round, as beautiful, and ripe as a Peach.

Arab. Hold, hold, you're for making a Purchase before you have paid your Debts; satisfy your lawful Creditor first, and if you have any ready Mony afterwards, I'll treat with you.

Riot. You wou'd trick me into Honesty, and lay me, as they say Witches do the Devil, by commanding Impossibilities.

Arab. Why, my Cousin has Charms.

Riot. Like *Medusa's* Head, she turns me to Stone when I see her — But the young sporting *Cupids* in your Eyes give me new Life — warm all the active Spirits in my Blood — and make 'em dance thro' my Veins like generous *Burgundy* — Come, come, what a Bustle is here with this foolish Chastity; save it for a Husband? — 'tis not fashionable — besides, 'tis the worst thing in the World to keep —

Arab. But my Reputation — the World — the detracting Town — I shall be serv'd up for the Diversion of Prudes at Tea-Tables and Assemblies — for tho' there is a virtuous Pride in despising malicious Tongues when one is innocent — yet to have one's Name run a Circle of Scandal, and be conscious we merit it — Oh! 'tis not to be born — I grant this is a very modest, reasonable Request — yet good Sir, sollicit me no more now — Pocket up your Passion and your Importunity — they are neither of 'em so violent to break Prison.

Riot. Oons, but they are — you provoking, prating Baggage. I'll ravish.

Arab. Barbarous! That's shooting your Game, when the fair Hunt's before you — How do you know but I may prove frail?

Riot. Then I shall have the Pleasure of forcing you to your Satisfaction. Here, wear this Diamond, it will become thy Finger, wear it, and let my Wife stare her Eyes out upon't.

Arab. Bribery too, well I'll study to be grateful.

Riot. Now then my Charmer, now, let us give a

Loose to Love and warm Desires— let us at once, un-
yok'd from servile Form and Custom, plunge into Joys,
Raptures, Extasies,

— *Which tho' they but a Moment last,*

Give us of Immortality a Taste.

Arab. Hold — hold — Sir *Hercules*; remember you
have a Wife.

Riot. Oh, no Bug-Words.

Arab. A virtuous one; I cannot conquer yet some
foolish Qualms of Honour, Friendship, Gratitude, —
but they may yield in Time, and you may hope. Adieu.

[*Exit Arab.*]

Riot. [*alone.*] Farewel — I had rather be a Gally-
Slave than a Lover; now has she, like an artful Co-
quet, lighted up all my Animal Spirits, and is her self
as cold as Ice. So have I seen a Fellow of Phlegm, and
cold Blood, talk his Adversary into a Passion, and when
he has trick'd him out of his Reason, play upon his Un-
derstanding — Pex on't, I'll drink away the Thoughts
of her,

Drive from my boiling Blood this foolish Toy,

And in brisk Bourdeaux drown the am'rous Boy.

S C E N E III. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Tristram, Young Cash and Spitfire.

Sir Trist. Nephew — Nephew *Bob* — don't betray your
self by your Looks, or your Discourse, Sirrah — 'tis a
great deal of Mony I have laid out to accomplish you —
remember *Volatil* is your Man, affront no body but him.

Y. Cash. I'll affront whom I please, Uncle, and I'll
be civil to whom I please — Cut no Bams here, old
Gentleman — I am entirely free from the Prejudice of
Education and Priest-craft, as young Dare-Devil says —

Sir Trist. Then the grave Dons will say you're both
a Dunce and an Atheist, Sirrah — but I think a little
Spice of Infidelity sits smartly upon a young Fellow.

Y. Cash. Sir, I will wear my Faith, my Reason and
my Clothes in the newest Cut.

Sir Trist. Do so, you young heretical Rogue, you do
[*The Boy has Fire; ay, this is Life, Spirit, Soul.*] But
put on a little Courage too, do *Bob*, it may now and
then

then defend your Opinion better than your Arguments— I've known many an honest Fellow beat out of the Truth by an obstinate Scoundrel, the Strength of whose Reason lay only in his Wrist; therefore, *Bob*, you must fight, that is, People must think you dare fight.

Y. Cass. But how are you sure now I shan't get my Throat cut about this Business? Have you made your Bargain wisely?— If I should be whip'd thro' the Lungs, and left with my Mouth open upon my Back— ha—

Sir Trist. I tell you, *Bob*, I have purchased it, bought it, paid for it, 'tis our Bargain, as far as a broken Head goes, or so; he is obliged, Muster up as much Resolution only as may make you talk and look like a Man, and 'tis done— then he is sworn to Secrecy— How now, what sort of an Equipage have we here?

Y. Cass. Sir, he is a Man of Honour and my Umbra; last Night accidentally I found this Pocket Pistol, ramming himself with Gun-powder at a *Derby* Ale-house— We agreed in our Politicks and our Morals, I pay'd his Club, and we are Hand and Glove— He is as stout as *Hercules*, and I have chosen him for my Second—

Spitf. Sir, your most obedient: I can only say, that I may say with *Cæsar*, I wonder what Fear is— Truth is, this Spirit of mine has but a scurvy Tenement— 'tis cramp'd up in a sort of Little-Ease— But it will, it shall break out, take its Flight after some Immortal Action— And if it transmigrates, I hope the next time 'twill choose a better Lodging.

Y. Cass. Ah that's fine, Uncle, don't you admire that— *Spitfire*, be near me in the Action, *Spitfire*— Ah, if you did but know what Virtue resides in this Shrub here, this Inch and a half— Why there's the Soul of a Giant inhabits this Tenement of a Pigmy—

Spitf. I am ready to tap all the Blood in my Veins to serve you.

Sir Trist. And that is not enough to give a Flea a Supper— Thou art a very presumptuous Pepper Corn, a Grain of Gun powder—

Spitf. Mr. *Volatil* shall perform his Contract punctually— Or he shall— Do ye mind me; board upon this Sword; he shall eat it to a Dagger—

Sir *Trist.* No, no—Dear *Dapper*, don't trouble thy Heroick Soul about it; od's, my Life, he wou'd swallow thee like a Loach or the Yolk of an Egg in a Glas of Sack. Nephew, this is the House, remember my Instructions; I must visit *Horatio*, make up a little Business I have with him, and then I'll see you again.

[*Exit Sir Trist.*

Y. *Cash.* Come along, *Spitfire*—I wish this Business was well over—Yet now I think on't, we must charge first, ay, we will fortify with two Bottles of *Brooks* and *Helliar*—and then.

Spitf. And then—the Town's our own, Squire—All our own——— [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *A Room in a Tavern.*

Hazard, Volatil and Riot, drinking.

Haz. 'Tis unreasonable tho' a Man can't have the Privilege of ruining himself out of the Verge of the Court——

Vol. No, honest Mr. *Hazard*, private Stealing is at last forbid by Law.

Riot. Well, and how do you, ingenious Gentlemen of the Craft, intend to turn your Industry, now the Law has drawn your Teeth?

Haz. They are all provided for, as their several Inclinations led 'em.

Riot. How——

Haz. Translated, Sir, into Stockjobbers, Solicitors, Mony-Scriveners, Bailiffs, Pawnbrokers, Pickpockets, Attornies and Highwaymen——

Vol. Thieves still—the Transition is Natural.

Haz. 'Tis very hard tho' to make a Law here, as it were *ex post Facto*, to rob a Man of his Bread; Sir, I was born a Gamester, a Child of Fortune, I cou'd cog a Dye at three Years old, understood the Grand Slurr before I cou'd lay my Nose upon a Hazard-Table; was Master of the Wax and Doctors at Fifteen, and before I came of Age, cou'd Palm, Cut, Slurr, Peep, Top, and flip the Captain, with e'er a Knight in Town; I have a Right to live by my Profession——

Vol.

Vol. You have reason to be angry, since you were born to the Business.

Haz. I'll tell you, Sir—*Molossus* and I were found in a Hand-basket at *Whitehall Gate* Twenty Years ago; (Poor *Molossus*, he was unfortunately hang'd in *Ireland*,) begot accidentally in a Midnight Frolick; I serv'd in the Black-Guard till Six Years old, when I was rais'd for my Ingenuity, and a quick Eye, to be Servant to old *Vizard*—there I throve Five Years—and have the remaining Nine been Company for a Lord; I drank, dress'd, eat, play'd and made love like a Man of Quality—I might indeed, out of the Profits of my own honest Labours, have purchas'd Annuities (like some of my Brethren) and liv'd comfortably—But I had always a great and generous Soul—Come round with it, Gentlemen—Toast about—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Cash* bid me tell you he was coming.

Vol. 'Tis well—Gentlemen, this is a Kinsman of mine, that is Heir to a plentiful Fortune, very much a Gentleman—only of a Constitution a little too Irascible and Fiery—so jealous of his Honour—he is sensible of Affronts when no body else perceives 'em—

Enter young Cash half drunk, speaking to Spitfire entering.

Y. Cash. *Spitfire*, stand firm in the Day of Battle; I am very Martially dispos'd—This neat Port is very valiant Liquor—My Uncle was a Fool to purchase Valour so dear, when I can have a full Quart at any time for Twenty Pence—Mr. *Volatil*, your most obedient—

Vol. Kinsman, I am yours; this is a Friend of mine, Gentlemen.

Y. Cash. And this is a Man of Honour, and a Friend of mine; sit, *Spitfire*—

Haz. If I mistake not, Sir, I have had the honour to drink with you before.

Y. Cash. It may be you have, Sir; it may be you have not, Sir. Hark ye, suppose I quarrel with him first. [To *Vol.*

Vol. As you please—But that is altogether out of our Articles. *Y. Cash.*

Y. Cash. I'll give him such a Turn, I warrant you.
[*Aside.*]

You have been in my Company, Sir.

Haz. Yes, Sir, at the Tavern.

Y. Cash. I paid your Reckoning then——

Haz. That I don't remember ; but you came into our Room.

Y. Cash. Tell me o' coming into your Room, I'll come again and again ; you are a Supernumerary, or a Parenthesis, that is, you are a superfluous Person.

Haz. You are very Merry, Sir——

Y. Cash. It may be I am Merry, Sir, it may be I am Melancholy ; it concerns not you whether I am Pleasant or Sad ; my Name's *Robert Cash*, and this is my Friend——

Spitf. Yes, and I'll measure the Justice of his Cause by the Length of my Sword——I hope, to speak modestly, it will prove him in the right in every thing he dares say——

Riot. This Sword a Dagger had, its Page——Hey day——

Vol. Be easy ; remember your self——

Y. Cash. I'll remember what I please, and I'll forget what I remember——Does the Varlet talk of a Reckoning ? What is it, I'll pay it ? Does he think to terrify me with that Tragedy-Face ? He that affronts me is the Son of a Worm, and his Father's another.

Vol. My Service to you, Sir.

Y. Cash. To you again——Tell me o' coming into his Room ; I cou'd find in my Heart to throw a Bottle——I name no Body——but I'll kick any Man down Stairs that does not behave himself like a Gentleman : No Man shall pay a Reckoning before me ; there's a Piece for me and my Friend——

Riot. The Fellow's mad : Does he often mistake thus ?

Haz. He depends upon the Privilege of his Blood ; you are his Relation.

Y. Cash. I desire no Privilege ; it matters not whether I am akin to any Man living or no.

Vol. Come, come, let me persuade you.

Y. Cash. You persuade me——For what acquaintance ?——Wash your Face, and pay your Tailor.

Vol.

Vol. You want Manners.

Y. Cash. Manners, Sir? What then, Sir?

Haz. Nay, nay, we'll bear with him, Mr. *Volatil*, he has been drinking.

Vol. I am calm again—— I am sorry you fancy any Body has offended you——

Y. Cash. Perhaps you have offended me; I don't fear you, I have kick'd as pretty a Fellow.

Vol. One Word in private, Sir.

Y. Cash. I can be as private as you, Sir.

Vol. Strike me a Box o'th' Ear presently.

[*To Y. Cash Aside.*

Y. Cash. There's my Hand on't.

[*Strikes him.*

[*Volatil draws, Young Cash runs behind Spitfire, they two draw, and the Company interposes.*

Spitf. Let him come, Sir, let him come—Here I have him Cart over Arm—Here in Terse—Here in Flanco—Ha, ha.

[*Fencing.*

Y. Cash. Let him call me to Account, the Reckoning's paid—*Victoria, Victoria.* [*Exeunt Cash and Spitfire.*

Riot. This Fellow is too valiant to be long-liv'd.

Haz. He has a double Chance for it, a Sword or a Halter.

Vol. His Courage is a little hard-mouth'd, it runs away with him now and then; we must exchange a Thrust or two, after bleeding he'll be cooler——

Riot. The young Gentleman has a mind to show himself, he is just come to Town.

Vol. Wou'd you have him shut up his Valour, like a fine Picture, in a dark Room?

Riot. 'Tis a Picture only—Yet he had better lock up his Courage than his Discretion. Will you venture a few Pieces to Night at St. James's, there will be good Play.

Vol. I dare meet ev'n Mr. *Hazard* there—where he must trust to Fortune only.

Haz. I never cou'd do any thing upon the Square.

Vol. That is, because you are the Bastards of Fortune, and are always cheating her legitimate Issue——

Haz. Therefore 'tis, you say, our Mother uses us so hardly—I'll tempt her Good-nature once more——

Riot.

Riot. Come, *Volatil*, you'll venture your new Purchase I know, some of the old Usurer's Money may be lucky.

Vol. The Gold will serve its Master absolutely without reserve; 'tis pity that powerful Instrument of Good and Evil shou'd ever fall into vicious Hands, its Government is so arbitrary——

Riot. 'Tis indeed absolute Lord of us poor Lunatics below.

Vol. Ay, we may quarrel about Religion and Liberty, but we are Slaves to our Interest only—I'll tell thee,

Riot——

*Fame, Glory, Virtue, Beauty, Courage, Wit,
To the resistless Charms of Gold submit:
Wou'd you be therefore Valiant, Just or Great,
Be Rich;—Your Virtue grows with your Estate.
Wonder not then fond Man does Wealth adore;
What other Deity should he implore,
If he is just so Wicked as he's Poor?* [Exeunt.] }



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Riot's House.*

Enter Arabella and Riot.

Riot. **H**onour and Fame, Child, are very Tyrants, they usurp a Power over us which Nature nor Reason never gave 'em: Let us keep the Mystery from profane Eyes; Beauty not used is like Treasure hid by Misers——

Arab. And ill used, like Money squander'd by Prodigals, which leaves behind it Shame and Beggary.

Riot. Your Fears, my Dear, are false; yes, false as evening Shadows: Your Charms will flourish fresh and sweet,

sweet, as Beds of Flowers, impregnated with genial Heat and Rain: Come Child, come—— Nay did you not promise me?——

Arab. But your Affections will grow cold, you'll neglect me; after Possession I shall be tiresome as an old Tale, or a Book that you have read over and over——

Riot. No Faith, I'll love thee everlastingly; and if a little Brat shou'd be peeping into the World to tell Tales—as who knows what may happen upon our honest Endeavours, *Bell*, I'll marry thee to some old rich Dotterel, father our Children on him, and love luxuriously.

Arab. Horrid! when I am marry'd——

Riot. Oh, there's no Pleasure like it; stol'n Embraces are ever sweetest, and when thou shalt be assur'd of two Fathers to thy Boy, 'twill make thee spring more active in my Arms: I'll tell thee, *Arabella*, I have the greatest Ambition in the World to make a Cuckold; it relishes beforehand, and sweetens my Imagination—Come, my Dear, at twelve this Evening; nay, no more Words.

Arab. But you promised to pay my Fortune into my own Hands, if I did prove frail——

Riot. You shall have it, dispose of it as you please; or it shall be made over in trust to me, and we will cheat the Cuckold that is to be of every Groat—— Cuckold! Oh, how that Word pleases me—— his lofty Crest shall be exalted above his Brethren, *Bell*——a Buck of the first Head——at twelve this Night you say ——

Arab. Then you must be punctual to the Hour; and for my Vow's sake not utter one Word, no not a Syllable.

Riot. I'll cut my tongue out rather than offend thee, thou dear, soft, melting, yielding Sweetness——

Arab. Begone—we are seen together, and may awake some jealous Eyes——remember too, there must not be the least Glimpse of Light——this Key will introduce you, you know the Chamber——observe the Conditions, or we are ruined——but here's your Wife——begone, or all is lost.

Riot. One Kiss, 'tis all I have to live upon for three long Hours to come,

[Exit Riot.

Enter

Enter Cynthia.

Arab. Ha, ha! well Cousin, I have made work for somebody; you have put me upon desperate Service here; if you don't relieve me, what will become of me—he threatens most furiously.

Cynth. I thank you for observing my Instructions so carefully; you have succeeded to my Wish, I will supply your Place—Twelve is the Hour—'tis but changing Chambers for a Night, Cousin; you'll excuse me; 'tis something to deceive him well. If I cou'd but once open his Eyes, and let him view his vicious Follies in their real Light, I might then hope a Cure—Oh, *Arabella*, by me be warn'd, let my Example teach you what Caution you shou'd use before you settle your Affections.

Arab. Sooner than marry thy untoward Help-mate I wou'd be reduc'd to Morter and Cinders, and after that lead Apes.

Cynth. Here's a Spark will prevent that, your Friend *Volatil*—I'll leave you. [Exit.]

Enter Volatil.

Arab. Ha! *Volatil* here—I know not how it is, but all within me is in Confusion, my Pulse beats, my Heart flutters, and my Limbs tremble when I see him—he is a handsom Fellow and a Man of Honour; but then he is as wild as *March*, ay and as inconstant as *April*——

Vol. Madam ——

Arab. Sir ——

Vol. I come not to repeat the old dull Tale; no, I am weary of languishing, sighing and dying at your Feet; I have really loved you so long and so faithfully, I begin to think I have some Merit; therefore I ask your Favour, and subscribe my self bluntly at the bottom of my Heart your most faithful humble Servant—

Arab. Merit, Sir, —— very good —— he that pleads Merit to his Mistress, or his Prince, where all he can do is Duty, is a Rebel; but pray, Sir, how have you deserv'd me—You made Love to me, I suffer'd you—you look upon the Sun, and enjoy the benefit; wou'd it not be Impudence for that Reason only to claim a Property in it?

Vol.

Vol. Beauty, Madam, must be like its Parent Light, diffusive to all Mankind; tho' I can't Purchase, or lay a Claim to it; if my Eyes are strong enough, and if I think it worth my leisure, I may gaze at the Sun and a fine Woman all Day; — you are most beautiful — yes — we both know it, and admire it perfectly — are you displeas'd that I can't flatter you? break your Glais for the same reason — how often have I confess'd my Tongue unable to express the Ideal Images of my Fancy, when I consider you; all I beg of you is, not to put me to a lingering Death, either to turn me absolutely away, or receive me as your own —

Arab. I tell you this Struggle towards your Liberty makes me suspect your Love — you wou'd not be weary, but proud of your Chains, if you were pleas'd with your Service.

Vol. What further Proofs cou'd you require —

Arab. Oh, Ten thousand, Sir.

Vol. What are they, teach me, and make me just such a Lover as you'd have me.

Arab. If you can answer faithfully to the following Charge — If you never had one wavering Thought; if you are dumb and tremble when you see your Mistress; if you faithfully believe all her Imperfections and Defects to be Graces and Virtues, every Word she speaks Wit, every Sigh she breathes a Perfume; her Eyes Stars, her Lips Rubies, her Teeth Pearl, and her Neck Alabaster: If you can't answer directly nor properly to any Question, nor eat your Meat without cutting your Fingers, nor look on any other Object with Delight; nor dream, talk, think, wish, hope, desire, or have regard for any thing but he — I'll allow you may be enroll'd in the List of that fighting Soldiery that serves under Cupid's Banner —

Vol. Muster me, Madam, Muster me; if I don't do my Duty —

Arab. I'm afraid you wou'd only take a little Shelter from your Creditors, a Guard Faggot; so has a Robin Red breast flown into my Bosom to preserve it self from a Hawk —

Vol.

Vol. I shou'd rather have believ'd the little Flutterer like me, had been in Love with those snowy Orbs, and gloriously resolv'd at once to Taste and Die —

Arab. Ah Gallant ——— that was a Flight.

Vol. But, Madam, I wou'd marry you, and if I cou'd give a stronger Proof, I might say —

Arab. That, that wou'd be lying in Prison to pay your Debts; some obstinate Fools indeed have done so — what, wou'd you sue in *Forma Pauper*?

Vol. I find I have been all along deceiv'd — You are for a Blaze, *Hyde-Park* — Gilt Chariots, Drawing-Rooms, and Front-Boxes; or perhaps a Page and a Coronet.

Arab. Right; I must have my Assemblies, Tea-Tables, Visiting-Days, and a Title — a Title wou'd make every thing so becoming — Indeed when my Name is chang'd, you may expect at least to find Right Honourable before it —

Vol. Your Lover then, Madam, must sacrifice to your Vanity; court you with an Equipage —

Arab. Ay, what is Life without it?

Vol. Oh, the ravishing Contemplation to have six brawny Fellows, each fit for a Grenadier, dragging backward the gilded Machine, while the foggy Beasts sweat with their idle Load.

Arab. Yes — one appears so bright hasp'd in the midst of painted *Cupids*, with Chains of Roses, and Nets of Flowers.

Vol. While you like *Cytheræa* drawn in your fictitious Heav'n, attract all Eyes and charm the gazing Multitude —

Arab. And now what Lure have you to call me down from this bright Heav'n, that satisfies my Wishes, and indulges all my Vanity — our Sex's Idol — Why Love, you'll say; Love's an imaginary rural Boy — Nurs'd up in Cottages, and bred to Servitude — fit only to attend your silly Foetical Shepherd, or the *Dulcinea* of a Romance.

Vol. I own I am mistaken, fair one — I drew, in my deceiv'd Fancy, the Image of *Arabella* — as of a Woman, with all her Sex's Charms, without their Levi-

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ty — One whose Virtue, like her Beauty, was above the little Decorations of Art — Unfully'd with the varnish of Form or Fashion, therefore at that pure Shrine I presum'd to offer up a Heart faithful and honest.

Arab. Ah! no more of this, it makes me sick: Can you believe that after I have once taken it in my Head, to Side-glass it in the Park, or santer in a Drawing-Room, I shall ever descend to become plain Mrs. *Volatil*? when I must be content to trudge it on foot, tuck'd up under a Riding-Hood, like an *Exchange-Woman*, or a City-Midwife; and upon a Sunday Evening, in good Weather, fetch a Walk for three Hours in some odious publick Gardens, or the *Park*, among Tradesmens Wives and Lawyers Clerks: And when I have beat upon the Pebble till I am sick and weary, be cram'd into a dirty Hack, and lugg'd Home by a brace of Skeletons, the perfect similitude of *Pharaoh's* lean Kine — Oh 'tis a shocking Reflexion.

Vol. Dear Madam, don't afflict your self with these horrible Ideas — You are not the first fine Woman an honest Fellow has lost, by having a gilt Chariot for his Rival — I'll try if the Dice will use me kinder than you have done — I'll court them, for since 'tis in their power to purchase me *Arabella's* Heart, that is, a Title and Equipage, I ought to address 'em instantly —

[Exit Vol.]

Arab. So, I think I have acted the Fop pretty artfully, tho' my Heart was ready to betray me every Moment: O' my Conscience, if I had my Fortune in my Power, I shou'd run away with this Fellow, tho' I liv'd upon Bread and Butter, and Kisses; tho' Poverty, Matrimony, and the terrible Example of poor *Cynthia*, stare me full in the Face — Ah! Cousin —

Enter Cynthia.

Cynth. What's the matter Mistress, your Blood mantles so o'er your Checks? What has redden'd you thus? —

Arab. I have us'd poor *Volatil* barbarously; but I fear he will live to be reveng'd of me —

Cynth. You don't intend to Marry him? —

Arab. Naturally guess'd — I fear I do —

Cynth. He's not worth a Groat —

Arab.

Arab. Confess'd — But Fate — Destiny will have it so.

Cynth. Your Fortune won't be a superfluous Maintenance for a Family.

Arab. True; but where Content attends a Competency; more is unnecessary.

Cynth. Ah pretty! Lovers are always Philosophers.

Arab. Oh! he has a thousand, thousand Charms; Come in, and I'll give you the Detail of 'em, for I shall talk of nothing but him these three Hours. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Fore-Room of the Groom-Porters.*

Enter Riot and Volatil.

Riot. I swell with Imagination, and if I don't give vent to my Thoughts I must burst.

Vol. Come, Sir, disburthen your self, unload your Cargo.

Riot. I am a tall Ship bound for the Fortunate Islands, Top and Top-Gallant, I faith.

Vol. Be not so vain; I've known many a stout Vessel wreck'd in fight of Harbour: But Pr'ythee what occasions this out o' the way Elevation?

Riot. The Wench, the Wench, my Boy.

Vol. Ay, the Privateer you have been chasing —

Riot. Is come in, has struck Sail — has made me Lord of her *Mediterranean*, Master of her *Terra Incognita* —

Vol. What, *Arabella*?

Riot. Yes, *Arabella*; soft, fresh and wanton as ever warm'd the Liver of a pamper'd *Non Con*.

Vol. [Aside.] How he strikes my Soul — but I must stifle my Concern — Well, and you have had her then, hah —

Riot. No, but we have agreed the matter; this is the joyful Evening: twelve the happy Hour — I am to steal to her at dead of Night, as Misers visit their Gold; there's to be no Light but her Eyes, and not the least word or noise, unless a rapturous Sigh may break its way — the pretty Gipsy loves to steal her Pleasure, and I must indulge her, you know, for my own sake. What, you don't seem to relish my good Fortune, *Volatil*.

Vol. Relish it, yes with all my Soul; I envy you — But

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But you are mistaken, Sir, you have not made this Appointment with *Arabella*.

Riot. No — am I awake?

Vol. 'Tis impossible, and he that affirms it is a — she is so beautiful she must be Chaste — at least so I believ'd her —

Riot. Heyday, what a Pox are you in this Heat for? if you have a mind to the Girl, she'll be my Wife in a little time, that is, I shall be weary of her — or if not, there will be enough for us both —

Vol. No; I despise her — all her Sweets are gone.

Riot. I warrant she'll relish ne'er the worse, my Boy, she delights to grow like a fair Flower in a publick Garden.

Vol. To be tasted by every Drone that buzzes round her — but I ask thy Pardon, *Riot*, I believe thy Story true, tho' I confes it shock'd me —

Riot. No more, you'll be secret, Sir, a Lady's Favours should be Sacred.

Vol. Nothing that's common can be so — But come, let's in and try Fortune's Bounty, I think the Company's come — if she smiles upon you like your Mistress, you'll sweep all the Stakes. [Exit.

Enter Spitfire and Y. Cash.

Spitf. What, have you been at it, Sir?

Y. Cash. At it, Sir — yes, I have been at it, Sir — I am strip'd, Sir — strip'd of every Farthing — Dost think, *Spitfire*, I can't borrow a small Sum upon this Head of mine?

Spitf. Yes, if you'll let 'em have the Brains for the Interest.

Y. Cash. Ah you Joker, but I can't spare 'em at present — that wretched Knave *Spadilio* stamp'd me out of two Sixes, and twenty five Guineas my last Stake — What is that Fellow, will he Fight, I don't like his Looks — but he blusters like a great Storm —

Spitf. Ay Squire, Times are sweetly chang'd with him since we us'd to drink together at honest *Jo Threethread's*, he play'd well and with Judgment at Putt; he plays all the Game — He bit a Hackney-Coachman of his Licence at All-fours, which he has miraculously push'd up to a *Tumbril* — and twenty thousand Pounds. He was then a Journey-man Tonfor, no more —

Y. Casb. Good lack, shall we smite him, *Spitfire*? Gad let us rush in and raise Contributions.

Spitf. No, my brave *Hector* of *Troy*, no — that is not Prudent; we are not strong enough to pretend to levy *Vi & Armis* — Did you observe Sir *Hannibal Rub*, that most industrious eloquent Knight; he has rais'd himself to much more than the Fortune of a *German Prince*, from being a poor *Sesquipedalian* Rag holder only; an insignificant Subsequent to a few Globes of *Lignum Vitæ*.

Y. Casb. Why you nip like a Flea; bite like the North-wind; thou Satyrical little Grain of Mustard-seed —

Spitf. But what provokes me is, the Rogue denies his Parents, and calls himself by the Name of the Country where he was born; tho' his Father was known to be an honest bawdy Porter that ply'd at *Will's*; and his Mother is yet to be seen, a good careful Matron in a cold Winter's Evening, sitting in her Wooden Chair, prudently turn'd from the Weather, crouching over a little Charcoal Fire in an Earthen Cullender, upon which stands a small Tin Kettle simmering of Apples — and this ungracious Thief drives every Day by her Stall, regardless of the Womb that bore him.

Y. Casb. You are severe, very severe — What is become of *Dick Handicraft*?

Spitf. Poor *Dick*, he had an ill Run just before the Act, and Fortune has set him down in the very Cellar where she took him up — and there you may see him over a Pot of Mellow Beer, playing a Party at Picket with one of his own *quondam* Chair-men, tho' every Body must own he has polish'd that Celebrated Cave, and refin'd their Diversions: For now the neighbouring Oyster-women, Porters, Grooms, and all the Infantry of the Brass-Button meet there always (except on Opera Nights) to Play at Basset and Ombre.

Y. Casb. But why did not you come into the Measures of your old Acquaintance, my Man of Fire, Hah!

Spitf. Sir, I had rather wear these Rags, and a good Conscience, than be' the wealthiest Buccaneer amongst 'em.

Y. Casb. Come let's in, Bam the Knaves, Mutiny, Sweep the Board and Brush.

Spitf. No, no, — Pox o' the Raggamuffins; if they were

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were all transported to the *West-Indies*, we Gentlemen might be secure of our Lives and our Fortunes.

Y. Cash. Spitfire, I must have Money somewhere, so go you and tell my Uncle 'tis for my Honour, and must not be refused — in the mean time I'll step in and play away my Watch, my Coat, and some superfluous Things.

Spitf. By that time you come to your Shirt, I'll be with you again. [Exeunt *Y. Cash and Spitfire.*

Enter Riot.

Riot. Oh cursed, cursed Fortune! thou Mother of Fools, and Nurse of Avarice, what a stupid Wretch am I — Five hundred pieces of *Aurum Palpabile* — as good Gold as ever visited, Madam, Justice in a Bribe — All thrown off in fifteen Minutes, to the melancholy Tune of Duce-Ace — Ha, ha, ha, this is merry — very merry — Yes, I am pleased mightily with the Whim — Oons what a Dog — a Natural — an Idiot — a — Ay, I'll provide me a Slaving-bib, and a Rattle fill'd with Dice, to divert me — a Driveller as I am.

Enter Volatil, shaking his Gold.

Vol. So, so, one thousand Guineas ready Cash, two hundred Pounds in Bills, and one hundred Pounds upon Honour from *Tom Drybones* and my Lord *Littlewit* — The Dice, in two or three Nights like this, will be out of my Debt: Fortune, I thank thee, thou has repaid me for the Loss of that frail Beauty; well repaid me, now my Success no sooner flies thro' the Town, but I shall find Respect and Countenance again; Mens Eyes will scowl no more upon me as a contemptible poor Dog — I shall be caress'd again now by some of my old stiff Acquaintance, that us'd to brush by me with an half Eye, and a busy *Sir your Servant*: I shall be levée'd, visited, courted, ay, and now I can eat without 'em, perhaps invited to Dinner too; but I am resolv'd to be very haughty to my Superiors, and humble to those below me — What, gnawing thy Knuckles, feeding upon thy Paws like a Bear in Winter?

Riot. Chewing the Cud only — I have lost all my Money, *Jack*, thou hast had a fortunate Night. — Have you done Play?

Vol.

Vol. Yes; I will have the Grace to tie up this time — I'll not tempt the little Gentlemen again — — On thou glorious Offspring of *Phæbus*, welcome thou gaudy Stranger to my Arms — Thy Sight's more chearing than thy Father's Beams.

Riot. What, in Raptures!

Vol. Yes, Sir, welcoming home these wandring Prodigals — Oh Gold — Gold — thou King-creating — Beauty-buying — Virtue-giving Deity; for thee the Soldier bleeds, the Courtier flatters, the Miser starves, the Farmer sweats, the Lawyer lies; thou art the Duty of Children, Fidelity of Friends, Loyalty of Subjects, Piety of Hypocrites, Zeal of Bigots, Humility of Priests, Integrity of Statesmen, and Justice of Magistrates; in short, the great Hinge of mutual-Commerce, and Bond of Society —

Riot. Heyday — what an Oration is here in praise of a little Dirt; Hearkye — what have you won —

Vol. You don't hear me complain — something to keep me warm — I left off too when a fresh Gamester came in — as rich as the *Grand Signior*, a *Jew* — he throws about his Gold like a Madman — but I was resolved to secure all, and left the Temptation.

Riot. If I had but two hundred Pieces now, some of thy lucky Mony might bring me home — — besides I have a Fancy I shall strip old *Circumcission* —

Vol. But hold, you forget the Lady that expects you, is not this the Hour?

Riot. Ay, my *Bell*, my Fairy — — Pox, I can't think of her now; this is the Minute; I should be punctual — — But my ill Luck has sunk me down to such an Ebb of Courage, I must recover my Mony, tho' I lose my Mistress — — Pox, what is the Loss of my Mistress to my Mony, Man; let her go, I shall have another Opportunity.

Vol. If she does give thee another Opportunity, she has not so much Gall as a Pidgeon — — Be assur'd she will resent it, and pursue thee with a slighted Woman's Malice — — Think on that.

Riot. Pho, pho, there is no comparison in this Case — — Gold is a real Good, Woman an imaginary

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[*Alon*

of Fl

one; I have lost the ready Cash, and this Moment I must recover it, or never — In this Hand Avarice, in this a painted Baby — Ah! Gold is the Heavier, and bears me away without my own Consent — Poor Bell, she must gnaw the Sheets.

Vol. Methinks I see the melting, lovely Wanton — neatly dish'd out; her little white, round, snowy Breasts — rising fast with thick low Sighs, the lazy Minutes dully creep away, while warm Desires, soft Wishes, tender Murmurs, waste all the tedious Night in Expectation of your coming — sure thou wer't nurs'd among Rocks, and suckled by Tigers — Gad, 'tis a Barbarity not to be forgiven.

Riot. Come, I find you are full of Joy and Love; Harkee, lend me 200 Guineas, you shall have the Girl for the Interest; that is, if you will be faithful, you shall be my Deputy — supply my Place — the Night favours you — and our Conditions are such, she never can know you —

Vol. Are you in earnest?

Riot. Yes.

Vol. 'Tis a Bargain, there are Bills for the Mony.

Riot. Done — you love the Sport as well as I — besides, you seem to have a warm Inclination to the Girl, and therefore are at present better prepar'd; if you are a Man of Honour, you'll keep our Articles, which will prevent her from discovering the Cheat.

Vol. I will not breathe a Whisper, tho' my Heart bursts with swelling Joy.

Riot. Thus, by thy means, the Girl and I shall meet hereafter and be merry — take this Key, it conducts you the back way into the House, the Servants are in Bed — the first Door on the right Hand in the Gallery leads to the kind Nymph's Apartment. — Adieu — we'll meet and laugh to-morrow — How the poor Wench was cozen'd — I'll to the Jew — Remember not to speak, but be as great a Glutton as you please.

Vol. If I am not, may I be converted to be a Singing-Bird; the Punishment of an Eunuch light on me —
[Alone.] How came I to fancy that little wicked piece of Flesh and Blood a Goddess — Well, I have lost a
C Wife

Wife and found a Mistress — a happy Change —
 my Stars are wantonly bountiful to Night. Yes, *Ara-*
bella, you're to be had without an Equipage it seems —
 I thank thee, thou hast wak'd me from the Dream of
 Love to the real Enjoyment. Yes, I will Riot in bliss-
 ful Beauty.

*Oh, wou'd those momentary Raptures last
 Which we in Beauty's Banquet faintly taste;
 Poetick Tales wou'd then be well allow'd,
 For Gods might love, and envy Flesh and Blood.*

Enter Young Cash, followed by Slur.

Slur. Hold, Sir — you have not paid me.

Y. Cash. What is it?

Slur. Fifty Pound, I'll change your Bill.

Y. Cash. Damm ye; I owe it you?

Slur. I don't know ye.

Y. Cash. You're an ignorant Scoundrel — Wou'd you
 have me instruct you at the Expence of an Ear, or a Cut
 cross the Nose — I am in a curst Humour, Friend.

Slur. I indulge you this Liberty, and am passive of
 a few hard Words, in complaisance to your ill Fortune
 — But don't be saucy, for you know I must be paid,
 and instantly.

Y. Cash. Pert, faith, very pert; I like you — You
 have a smart Cock with your Hat, are a tolerable Ora-
 tor, speak boldly and clear, and have a resolute Air
 when you make your Demands — Yet after all 'tis
 a thousand Pities so pretty a Fellow should be a Thief
 — He! he!

Slur. Put your little Mirth, that Bastard of your Fol-
 ly, to Nurse to your Pride, and let the bloated Idiot
 giggle at the Noise of his own Bells: But I tell thee,
 thou insipid Wretch, I'll be paid before we part, or
 I'll carry off thy Nose, yes thy Nose and Ears, I'll le-
 vel thy Face, and make that Lumber-house thy Head as
 round as a Bowl.

[Slur draws, Cash runs to the Extremity of the Stage.]

Y. Cash. Pho, pox put up your Lark-spit — Sheath
 your Tooth-pick and your Passion, and know this is not
 a convenient Place — What, draw in the Verge? I am
 agham'd of you: You a Courtier — Sir, 'tis impossible
 to fight here, we shall be parted, you know it — What
 wou'd

would I give now that it were in my Power instantly to answer you, to charge your Anger in its full Force, and make our Hilt meet at every Pass: Egad thou art a Fellow of Fire, a little too much Fire, if it were but tempered with some Phlegm.

Slur. Puppy — I cou'd make a Football of thee in the Presence — Well, Sir, but since 'tis so, and you resolve to discharge this Debt with your Sword, let me know when and where you'll pay it.

Y. Cash. Ha — with all my Heart, my Ball of Wild Fire; your own Time and Place, Boy.

Slur. Then we'll instantly take a Hack and drive to Hyde-Park, 'tis Moon-Light, and no Body will prevent us.

Y. Cash. Lookee now, you're so hasty, so hot; why, a Man never makes a regular Pass in a Passion — I have considered it, and if we fight upon this Account Transportation is the Word, have you read the late Act — 'tis against the Naked Letter of the Law — No, no; we must make it a Rencounter sometime hence in the Streets, upon a concerted Jostle, or so — That's our way —

Slur. You are so rank a Rascal, without any Ceremony at all I'll warm my Fingers and Heels thus and thus.

[Kicks and pulls him by the Nose.]

Y. Cash. So — so — so — why now if I were as Passionate as you, here would be fine Work — One of our Souls must have broke Prison, that's certain — but 'tis very well, Sir — now I owe you fifty Pound and a Kicking.

Slur. You'll as soon pay the Beating as the Mony; Hold, Sir, this is not all — I have not done with you, I must now gently grasp you by the *Gnomon* of your Face — lead you round the Room within, and shew you to the good Company.

Y. Cash. Ah dear *Slur* — Pr'ythee now let this matter go no further — don't let us expose our selves for a Couple of quarrellsom Blockheads — I'll pay thy Bill to morrow, Mun — Pr'ythee let it be a Secret —

Slur. Well — upon that Consideration I forbear carrying you in Triumph — but if you fail to-morrow, do ye hear, I'll clap a Ring in your Nose, and lead you round the Streets with a Drum before you, like a Bear on a Holiday.

Y. Cash. Ha! ha! — you are the most facetious Person,
C 2 and

and have the happiest Companions — Hah! who's that, *Spitfire*? — By all that's great and good 'tis he — Now will I set my little Bull-dog at this Beast, and he shall worry him. *Spitfire*, where's the Mony?

Enter Spitfire.

Spitf. Not a Jack, Sir — your Uncle says you must pay your Debts with your Sword, he has purchas'd you a Title to Courage, and you must live upon that. —

Y. Cash. What does the old Put mean? I must have Mony, and I will have Mony — Or I'll break open his Chests; Burn his Bank-Bills, — melt his Plate, tear his Notes, and spend his Estate before his Face — ! He, he — what do you Grin at? [*To Slur.*] This Fellow, *Spitfire*, has been very Familiar with me, you must kick him — [*Spitfire strutting up to Slur.*] What may you mean, my pretty Infant of Fortune, by affronting that Gentleman? he is a Man of Honour, and my Friend —

Slur. Then I have kick'd a Man of Honour and your Friend — you see I am a Man of Honour too.

Spitf. Ay, I know by what means you came to purchase that Title — you were always a saucy Cub, a forward Boy — you began with robbing Children of their Bread and Treacle, and Blind old Women of Nuts and Gingerbread; from thence I trac'd you to the Marble-boards, Nineholes, and Cups and Balls in *More-Fields* — Then you advanc'd to a Link-Boy, and pickt Drunkards Pockets — When a good Booty set you up and made you acquainted with *Hazard* — which promoted you to the Groom-Porters — and made you a Man of Honour.

Y. Cash. Ah my little Pot-gun at him, at him. —

Slur. Thou little Lump of vile Scandal, 'tis well known I had a handsome younger Brother's Fortune, and commenc'd a Sharper in Form, from having regularly serv'd my Apprenticeship — as a Bubble —

Spitf. Don't be too brisk, too alert — You'll be hang'd; Why don't I remember your Birth, your Parentage, and your Education; and can't I give a very good Guess at your End? Now but that I am desirous the Conclusion should orderly follow the Premises — I would cut your Throat, Sirrah, and rob honest *Paul* of the Profits of your dying Speech.

Slur. Thou troublesome Vermin, I won't spit thee because I have not a Needle, but I'll give thee a Fillip

or two — a taste of that Gentleman's Supper.

[Strikes him.]

Spitf. I can't very well reach you, Sir, but you'll accept it as I can give it. [Strikes him again and draws. Now 'Squire you shall see me take him in Flanconade— Ha, ha.

Y. Cash. Od — I don't like this work — here will be Mischief — I'll march off in time. [Exit Y. Cash.

[Slur puts by his Thrust, takes him up by the Middle and hangs him by his Belt against the side of the Stage.

Slur. Thou art a most Heroick Pigmy, and here I'll leave thee in this terrible Posture of Defence, like the Sign of the Gladiator, to entertain the next Passengers—

Spitf. Rogue — Coward — take such an Advantage of a Gentleman, come but within reach of my Sword, I'll slit your gutting Pipe — I'll be through your Midriff.

Slur. Ha, ha — bloody-minded Wasp; Sir, I make bold to take my leave, I am your most obedient Servant — by that time you have been three hours Pendent in this Posture, I presume you may have digested your Spleen.

[Exit.

Spitf. Help, help, Constables — Watch — Neighbours — 'Squire — Let me but down — let me but down to cut that Rogue's Wezon — and I'll be content to be hung up again during Pleasure — and pelted with Catsticks like a Cock at Shrovetide —

Enter Riot half Drunk.

Riot. What a damn'd Night have I made on't, I have lost my Mony, my Mistress and my Senses, and nothing left to comfort me — but my Wife — and to say Truth, she is a terrible Blessing — Well, 'tis a great Trial to be Marry'd —

Spitf. Sir — Good Sir, one Word —

Riot. Ay Sir — what's here, a Sword glittering! — Then you are for a cool Thrust by Moon-Light — Come on, Sir. [Riot makes a Pass or two at Spitfire.

Spitf. For Heav'n's sake, Sir — what, will you Murder me; If I were upon plain Ground you durst not use me thus — No, you durst not for your Soul.

Riot. You lie, Sirrah, I am desperate; I am Marry'd, you Dog, and dare do any thing.

Spitf. Sir, dear good Sir, deliver me, you see I am most

That jests with Misery, and mocks th' Unhappy.

Sir *Trist.* Don't be hot—— What, I am in earnest, I have a little Wench at home to dispose of—— Adod if you Marry her, and make a good lusty handsom Settlement upon her—— For I can't part with a single Sixpence, not a Groat—— You have a very plentiful Estate of your own, and want no Additions ;—— why then I'll save your Life, I've interest enough to do it—— You shan't be hang'd this Bout, that's all—— What do you stare so for? You have seen my Neice——

Hor. Teraminta?

Sir *Trist.* Ay, *Teraminta*; why she is a juicy, plump, wanton young Baggage; a very clever Mould, as pretty a Thing to breed out of as is to be purchas'd in Town.

Hor. I know she sooner would espouse her Grave: I robb'd the lovely Maid of *Valentine*, Yes, barbarously tore him from her Arms: Nature must be abhorrent to the Thought.

Sir *Trist.* Abhorrent—— a Fiddlestick; 'tis true you kill'd a young Fellow she lik'd, and one that was in Love with her; and is it not your Duty, think you, to help her to another? Let me tell you, Sir, 'tis a Debt you're oblig'd to pay in Honour——

Hor. Thy groveling Soul clings to her kindred Earth, And Interest is thy only God and Guide; But know, old doting Miser, *Teraminta* Mourns with incessant Tears her murder'd Love, Nor can she think upon so foul a Rape, But it must shake her tender Frame with Horror.

Sir *Trist.* She think on't——alas!—— Why, she is my Property, I have as much Right to dispose of her, as my Horse, my House, or my Mony--I may lett her, sell her, lend her, or transfer her, like my *Bank-stock*, What has her Will and Pleasure to do in the Case? I warrant, if she were to have her Will, she wou'd weep her self as dry as a Mummy——Ay, I know now what sort of a Simile you wou'd make upon that Occasion, she wou'd droop like a fair Flower o'ercharg'd with Morning Dew. Hah! is it not so in Heroicks? Come, Sir, come, let us talk plain honest Sense and Reason: marry her, and I'll engage your Life shall be safe.

Hor. And must I then add Perjury to Murder! Have you not heard my plighted Vows are given? My

My Faith, my Heart is bright *Aurelia's* Due ;
'Tis all the Wealth the weeping Virgin boasts,
And while this Breath and Earth communicate,
Shall be irrevocably hers——

Sir Trist. Goodlack ! deeply in Love ; poor Creature
—— then it must go hard with you—— a Lover is, as I
take him, a sort of an obstinate Rhodomontado Wretch,
that declares War against all his Senses ; a little inclin'd
to Poetry, very lazy, and always talks in blank Verse—
Well, you are resolved to die a Martyr—— The triple
Tree has not born a Lover a great while ; 'tis a new sort
of Fruit. What now, shall the Doctor make a Speech
for you, or will you indite one your self, directed for the
Ordinary of *Newgate* ; you must write a pretty Style.

Hor. Forbear your scurril Mirth, 'tis most Inhuman
Thus to disturb the Quiet of a Wretch
Who never wrong'd you——

Sir Trist. And you will not be tempted, tho' to save
your Life, to hearken to my Proposals ?

Hor. The Sun is not so fix'd as my Resolves,
Rather to die than injure my *Aurelia*,

Sir Trist. Pretty Romantick Infant ; I like it strangely,
fond of thy Bubby and Rattle— Do, do, dangle, dangle ;
thou wou't not be the first Idiot that has gone out of the
World for a piece of green Tallow. *[Exit Sir Trist.*

Enter Aurelia.

Hor. Oh my *Aurelia*, if there can be Joy
Neighbour to so much Grief, I'll give it all
To bless this bounteous Visit ; if my Eyes
Flow not with mutual Tears, 'tis that my Heart
Wou'd bid thee Welcome, and disdains to own
There can be any thing but Joy with thee.

Aur. Tears are too open Witnesses of Grief ;
Then when the sullen Mind broods o'er Despair,
And nurses Melancholy, 'till the swoln Heart,
O'er-charg'd with Wailing, bursts ; then, then we Mourn.
Such Sorrow wou'd I pay thee, such thy Love
Deserves ; thy unexampled Constancy.

Hor. Be thrifty of thy Tears 'till I am dead,
Then let thy precious weeping Fountains rain
On my cold Grave ; so shall I rise again,
And in the sweet Disguise of a fair Flower

Salute the Spring, that gave me Life and Odour.

Aur. 'Twou'd be unjust, I must no longer hide it.
Know thou art Happy, Happy, my *Horatio*,
If Life, or Love, or Liberty can give it;
Thy Stars are gentle to thee, many Days
And Years are yet between us, and that Hour
Which must dissolve our Love with our last Breath.

Hor. Is *Valentine* alive!

Aur. He lives, his Wound was never dangerous,
Tho' that old Brute, Sir *Tristram*, brib'd the Surgeon
To swear 'twas Mortal——But another Fee
Made him confess the Truth, and lead me where
I saw your Friend, who seem'd surpriz'd to hear
You were imprison'd for his Murder——

Hor. Oh hold, my Love; you will oppress my Soul
With this vast weight of most surprizing Joy.
Thou'lt sav'd thy Friend, thy self thy Lover, all.

Aur. Sir *Tristram*'s vile Machine is thus destroy'd,
And I have prov'd thy matchless Faith and Virtue.

Hor. Again white Innocence and Peace return,
Again the smiling Hours advance, and Love,
And fair *Aurelia*, Crowns the happy Day——

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir, here's a Judge's Warrant come down for
your Discharge: It seems Mr. *Valentine* is out of Dan-
ger. He has likewise sent his Service to you, and says
he wou'd have taken care for your Liberty sooner, but that
he was assur'd you were not confin'd——

Hor. 'Tis well——What barbarous Treatment have I
had from this old usurious Monster Sir *Tristram*, I shou'd
do well to punish him.

Aur. He deserves it most heartily.

Hor. I have it already; I'll take him up immediately,
before he can hear I am discharg'd, with two or three of
my Servants disguis'd like Officers, upon pretence of some
Practices against the Government, and imprison him in
an empty Garret, where he will be under my proper
Discipline——

Aur. The Retaliation is just, let him suffer the Pains
he gave; you'll find his little Soul sink under the imagin'd
Scourge of Fortune.

*But few, like thee, Horatio, justly know,
Or can endure ill Fortune's rugged Brow.*

Who

*Who bears the Pressure of his evil Fate
With an unshaken Mind, is truly Great.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Tristram alone.

Sir Trist. When this Romantick Puppy gets out of Prison, which he must quickly, for I shan't be able to conceal *Valentine's* Recovery much longer, he will certainly cut off my Nose, and Marry *Aurelia*, as Tokens of his Gratitude to both of us ; so I must instantly Marry her to *Bob*, and Bind him over to the Peace ; then he is disappointed both ways. [*Enter Y. Cash.*] Oh, here comes my Ranter, 'tis high time he shou'd be Marry'd, to take down his Courage a little, I hear strange Stories of him.

Y. Cash. Who's to be Marry'd in such haste, worthy *Sir Tristram* ?

Sir Trist. Drunk, as I live ; he tumbles about like a Bowl. Come *Bob*, come along with me instantly, you young smart Rogue you, I'll provide a Licence, a Parson, a Prayer-Book and a Ring, and knit you together in a Minute.

Y. Cash. You're a designing old Prig, I'll bear your Despotick Power no longer ; I'll not be Noos'd—— *You deny'd me Money to pay my Soldiers, was that done like Cassius ?* But d'ye hear, mend your Manners, or I'll bind your Tallies into Faggots, light 'em with your Bank-Bills, and burn you in the midst of 'em.—I'll Singe your Beard with Exchequer-Notes, for an Example to all Stock-jobbers.

Sir Trist. Bless me !—— how Drunk he is.

Y. Cash. Drunk, Sir, what then ? Drinking, Whoring and Fighting, are the distinguishing Marks of a fine Gentleman—— Come, open your Purse strings, you old Put—— down with the Dust.

Sir Trist. I renounce you ; I'll ha' nothing more to do with you ; you're a Rascal ; I'll be at no more Expence to make a Gentleman of you ; I'll pay no more for your Dice and your Drinkings ; I shall have the Surgeon's Bills brought home, and be forc'd to Bail you, and make Friends to the Recorder for a Reprieve—— but I'll see you hang'd first.

Y. Cash. That you shall—— and be at the Charge to Paint the Gallows too ; nay, I'll have the City Musick play

play before me too, in Honour of their Deputy, *Sir Tristram*; and I'll be hang'd in State, three Stories high, Uncle—But first I'll cut your Throat to deserve it. [*Draws.*]

Sir Trist. Bless us, defend us, Help, help.

Enter Slur.

Slur. How now! what's the matter?

Sir Trist. Ah Sir,— Here's an ungracious Bird of my own Nest, wou'd Murder me.

Slur. He won't sure—Come, put up, Squire, put up.

Y. Cash. You're a Gentleman, Sir, and I never refuse a Gentleman any thing in Reason.

Sir Trist. Ah Sir, 'tis partly my own Fault; I my self purchas'd him this Courage, which 'tis plain will ruin him; for now he roars, and rants, and domineers: This Morning he tript up an old Pudding-Pye-Woman's Heels, for taking the Wall of him—down fell all, the Channel ran pure Custard—I thought I might take a Privilege, but he has no regard; is there no way to take him down again, and make him a Coward?

Slur. Yes, Sir, there is; and if you'll pay a small Debt of Honour he owes me, I'll undertake it.

Sir Trist. But so that I shall have Good of him, that he will be intirely Obedient, and not fly out.

Slur. Reward me as I deserve, I'll leave it to your own Generosity.

Sir Trist. That is not the Thing, Friend; but will you undertake intirely to un'courage him—dis—courage him——What shall I say, settle him in *Statu quo*—an honest, simple, harmless, young Fellow. Indeed it was my Fault, my Ambition——And if he shou'd come to an evil End, it wou'd lie upon my Conscience.

Slur. I'll make him as tame as a Setting-Dog, and as pliant to the Word of Command, or I'll break a Forest of Crab-Tree about him.

Sir Trist. Ay that, that may do.

Y. Cash. I don't like this Fellow—I'm afraid he has kill'd *Spitfire*.

Slur. No Sir, I left him upon the Tenter-Hooks, hung up like an old Sconce against the Hangings; and if you don't obey this old Gentleman, you shall relieve him——Down, down, ask his Pardon.

Y. Cash. His Pardon, Sir? Why so, Sir?

Slur. Nay then, let this go round.

[*Strikes him with the Flat of his Sword.*]

Y. *Cash*. Prythee be not so wrathful——What——I do ask his Pardon.

Slur. Swear to be Obedient, never more to Quarrel.

Y. *Cash*. Methinks you can't be so Ignorant. I own, I am, I am a Coward.

Sir *Trist*. I don't know that; two or three Rubbers more, good Mr. *Slur*: Let me have enough for my Mony.

Y. *Cash*. Dear Sir——kick me your self, Sir--I hope that will convince you——so, are you satisfy'd? Am I Patient and Obedient now?

Sir *Trist*. I thank you, Friend: Call on me at my House, and I'll talk further with you about taming this Brute.

Slur. If he relapses, you'll let me know it.

Sir *Trist*. Yes Sir, but I shall turn him to Grass for a Month or two, let him bite short with his Friend *Spit-fire*--I'll have no more to say to him yet; and when he is restor'd to Favour he shall come upon his Knees. [*Exit Slur*.

Y. *Cash*. I value neither your Favour nor your Frowns——and you may thank my Friend, Mr. *Slur*, that I did not slice you; Mr. *Slur* I am greatly indebted to, I owe him some Obligations, which when I grow valiant without Noise I'll pay. [*Exit Y. Cash*.

Sir *Trist*. This Mettle will cost me as much to allay as quicken; 'tis an ungrateful Blockhead; he has spoilt all my Projects.

Enter two of Horatio's Serwants disguis'd like Officers.

1 *Serv*. Is your Name Sir *Tristram Cash*, Sir?

Sir *Trist*. Yes, Sir, 'tis, and what then, Sir?

2 *Serv*. Then, Sir! We have a Warrant from the Secretary to secure you.

Sir *Trist*. Secure me, Friend—go about your Business; go, you're mistaken.

1 *Serv*. No Sir, our Instructions are plain enough; you may read the Warrant.

Sir *Trist*. Well, well, I'll give you Bail—What a pox is the Meaning of all this? I am damnably frightened.

2 *Serv*. 'Tis not Bailable, Sir, 'tis upon Suspicion of high Treason; corresponding with the Enemy.

Sir *Trist*. How! Who swore against me? What Evidence?

1 *Serv*. We don't know, Sir; but they say they were a Couple of clumsy-fisted Fellows, with long Swords; they

they wore a great deal of foul Linen, broad Backs, thick Legs, and flat brawny Faces.

Sir *Trist.* By all that's good I don't like the Evidence, 'tis *Ultra Marine*— Well I must submit, carry me where you please, Gentlemen— but remember the Queen has not a more Loyal Subject in her Kingdoms. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Volatil and Riot meeting.

Riot. How now, *Jack*? Thou lookest as gay as the Morning; like a new Minister at his first Levée.

Vol. Gay as Youth, Liberty, Health; brimful of Pleasure; every Atom in this solid Frame is pointed with Joy; give me Leave only to impart, or I shall burst.

Riot. What, she prov'd a pleasant Bedfellow, did she?

Vol. No—— I'll be charitable and conceal it, for were it possible to make thee sensible of thy Loss, thou must incontinently hang thy self; tho' I shou'd be a *Turk* not to own my Obligations — 'Twas a delicious Thief.

Riot. I believe it was.

Vol. I know it; Yet the ravishing Remembrance is present to my Sense, and joys my Soul.

Riot. You did not see her?

Vol. No, nor speak to her; to what Purpose! She was so beautiful in the Dark, 'twou'd have been pity any Light or Voice shou'd interrupt us.

Riot. I own my self a stupid Coxcomb to lose her so.

Vol. I have had Women before, but never, never so delicate a Skirmish—— She grew like Joy to my Embraces—— Not a Touch but had *Elysium* in it.

Riot. I am a Rascal.

Vol. Now wou'd she steal her melting Lips to my warm glowing Cheek—Not youthful *Zephyrs*, when they gently fan—the blooming Offspring of the vigorous God—so sweetly kiss.

Riot. What cursed Fortune had I, to lose all my Money and this delicate Morfel?

Vol. Now wou'd she whisper amorous Vows and softest Protestations—— Now throw her wanton snowy Arms around me,—— Now clasp me hard; call me her Life, her Soul, her All;—— Then Sighs of Joy confess'd our mutual Transports. I tell thee, *Riot*, if I were Master of the World, like *Anthony*, I wou'd purchase such another Night at the Price of it.

Riot.

Riot. This precious armful has rob'd you of your Wits, I think.

Vol. What shall I say?—Let the richest Perfumes, the finest Musick, the brightest Objects, and the most elegant Dainties, be thrown into the Chymical Fire, and the sublimated Essence drawn forth——such, such it was; the Extract of all Human Joy.——

Riot. But is she so far before other Women?

Vol. No Tongue can speak, no Pen describe her—'tis not in the Power of Poetry (tho' the God himself were inspired like me with Possession) to paint her; the finest Fancy, the warmest Imagination gives us but faint Ideas.--

Riot. Thou hast fir'd my Soul. Oh that I could call back Time, and be possessed of what my Folly gave thee! But I am comforted in this, she thinks 'twas I—I shall have her all at Night—This gamesome Girl, that has made you mad with toying.

Vol. What shall I offer thee, dear *Riot*, to discharge my honourable Obligation to thee, and quit the Girl wholly to me?

Riot. I would not part with her another Night for both the *Indies*.

Vol. No, you would lose by it. I could cut thy Throat to have her all my self.

Riot. Come, come, you ought be satisfy'd; consider your self only as my Deputy;—nay pox on't, for ought I know she may never admit me—I have been an egregious Dolt in this Affair, and punish'd my self ingeniously. However I'll try my Fortune once again——
Adieu. [Exeunt severally.]

Enter Cynthia and Arabella

Arab. You are too meek, Cousin; make him sensible of the Affront—What Foundation, either from my Person or my Conduct, could his arrogant Vanity build upon to attempt my Virtue?——

Cynth. None, none at all, *Arabella*—what faucy Inferences he might make from the natural Gaiety of your Temper I know not—But he's here—Retire—I must give him his Morning's Lecture alone. [Ex. Arab.]

Enter Riot.

Cynth. [Smiling.] My Dear, good Morning to you.

Riot. Your Servant—so—you have dress'd up your Eyes in their Holiday Light. *Cynth.*

Cynth. Yes, my Dear; what makes you melancholy?

Riot. What makes you merry? Don't you know, that you and I are never pleas'd at the same thing? Mixing Contraries may be good in Physick; but 'tis the Devil in Society——Good-b'ye to you.

Cynth. Stay, Sir, I have something to say to you, I am sure will please you.

Riot. I'll hold you ten to one on't.

Cynth. He has the sweetest-natur'd Expressions [*aside.*]——Pray, my Love, give me your Patience——What Success had you last Night?

Riot. Whe', I lost my Mony.

Cynth. I don't mean that Game.

Riot. Don't mean that Game! —— What now, sure *Arabella* has not betray'd her self! [*Aside.*]

Cynth. [*smiling.*] You're a fine Spark; a very pretty Gentleman truly.

Riot. Ay 'tis so——a prating little Puppy; could not she keep her own Counsel? [*Aside.*]

Cynth. You have manag'd this Affair very cunningly; tho' I think it would not be much for your Honour, if it were publish'd——

Riot. What publish'd? what Honour? I told you you would be Impertinent.

Cynth. Oh fy; do you not blush? is there no Modesty in Man?

Riot. Riddle me, Riddle me Re—Pox o' your Ambiguities; what wou'd you have?

Cynth. How did you like your last Night's Lodging?

Riot. Very well; extremely well; tho' now I think on't I did not go to Bed last Night, Child——

Cynth. You did not lie with *Arabella*, my wanton Kinswoman—Good Sir, think—must every thing be lawful that your Will or wild Desires can make so——you pursue Happiness, as Boys do Bubbles, or Fools Shadows; consider Sir, I would reform you, not provoke you; tho' you have lost all Regard for your self or me, what Reparation can you make this injur'd Woman, whose Virtue was untainted 'till your insinuating Wiles seduc'd her?

Riot. Look'ye, leave whining, and I'll satisfy you; tho' the Warmth that a Lady shows upon this Occasion,
looks

looks a little coarsly too, methinks—— But I plead Not guilty to the Indictment.

Cynth. Were you not to meet *Arabella* at twelve?

Riot. True, so far——so far you're right.

Cynth. And did you not?——Ah faithless Man! did you not consume all the live-long Night in borrow'd stol'n Embraces with her?

Riot. Cuckold me if I did——Renounce me, my Dear, for ever——I swear——

Cynth. You need not swear, I know it——Yes, I know you was not with her, but 'twas no Fault of yours——Sir, the whole Business was contriv'd by me——I have long observ'd which way your vicious Passions drove you, and I plotted with my virtuous Kinswoman to supply her wanton Place: In short we chang'd Beds——I have only cheated you of a few extravagant Moments; I would, witness it Heav'n, by any honest Means deceive your hard Heart into Kindness.

Riot. That; that again; sweet Wife——You say it was your Plot to excuse your Cousin, and be the Bed-fellow your self——

Cynth. Heav'n knows 'tis Truth.

Riot. [*aside.*] They shoot; they bud; they sprout; Yes, I am fitted 'faith, fitted with a large Pair of Brow-Antlers of my own curious Workmanship——Oh Rascal——Wittol——Cuckold——[*To Cynthia*] And you did really lay the whole Scheme of this Business your self?

Cyn. I did.

Riot. You lye, I contriv'd some part on't——And can prove all this to be true?

Cynth. Witness those tender Joys when veil'd within the friendly Shades of the last happy Night——You sigh'd, and silently confess'd your Transports equal to those of the first melting Hour our nuptial Torch was lighted.

Riot. Demm your Description—— what, you have a Relish left for this stoln Fruit——Pr'ythee Peace, no more Words about it, 'tis a very, very foolish piece of Business.

Cynth. Are you then, can you be so abandon'd to a vicious Appetite, your Pleasures have no longer any Taste, when you believe 'em lawful?

Riot.

Riot. I shall run stark Mad, horn Mad. [*Aside.*]

Cynth. What, are you troubled that your Wantonness thriv'd so well?

Riot. Well with a Vengeance——

Cynth. Ungrateful Man——I thought I might merit your Thanks.

Riot. Yes, I do thank you; thank you heartily——most infinitely thank you.

Cynth. Is Bliss less valuable for being innocent——Or does this little Beauty, which but last Night stole you from your self in Raptures, now beg in vain for one kind Look, or tender Word, in thankful Memory of all that boundless Treasury of Delight?

Riot. Ha—how lusciously she dwells upon the lov'd Idea; you could be content, I warrant, to countessit a fresh Mistress every Night: Hah——

Cynth. Despis'd! scorn'd! slighted—what Right have you to mock me thus? You use me worse than that vile Dependant on your Passions, your own violated Reason; but beware a Woman's Rage; for know, bad Man, 'tis in my Power to be reveng'd——it is.

Riot. So, so, so——now all the Woman comes: my Heart akes, my Ears tingle, my Horns bud—and all this is the Handicraft of my own Industry.

Cynth. I thought this Matter should have slept in Silence—I had Piety sufficient to forgive you; if any Diligence or Patience might reclaim you more than brutal Passions—But now I'll publish you to the whole World—all your black Actions shall behold the Day: Yes, I know this Conquest of poor innocent *Arabella* would have been the barbarous Subject of your next drunken Debauch; her Name, her Reputation, would have been tost about among your lewd Healths——but I'll vindicate her Character and my own; 'tis very fit her Honour should not suffer. You know I have stooped below the Earth to show my Duty—but thus, thus trampled on, I rise to tell the World I am a Woman—a Wife, an *English*, freeborn Wife.

Riot. Tan tara rara——Tan tara——

Cynth. Yes, I have been meek and humble as the gall-less Dove; but you shall find me turbulent as a Whirlwind, vexatious as an evil Conscience——I'll beg-

gar

gar you with my Extravagance, I'll haunt you with my Jealousy, and yet hate you—Indeed I don't know what I may not be provok'd to do.

Riot. Ha! ha! Faith thou'rt a Girl of Mettle; I begin to like thee strangely.

Cynth. This Usage, Sir, would animate a Statue; nothing, I'm sure, that's warm'd with Blood could bear it—How oft have I retir'd into my Closet, and wept the silent Hours away for your Injustice, without one unkind Word or sullen Look?—And yet, I know not how, my Heart again relents. [*Cries.*] Yes thus low again I'd fall; and weep my Life away, if it were possible I might reclaim you—for well you know my Love is the Foundation of my Duty.

Riot. So, after Thunder I thought we should have a Shower.

Cynth. Could you be angry with me for last Night's Deceit?

Riot. Pry'thee no more o' that; no, angry with thee; no, no, Faith I am taken with the Conceit. What a fine thing I have made my self!—It was an admirable Plot, as you say, and cunningly executed—Dry your Eyes—go in—I'll see you anon, and go to Bed to Night without a Stratagem—But keep all close, d'ye hear—don't so much as let one Word fall at your Tea-Table; no, nor make one Confident more besides *Arabella*; if you do, you'll find me angry indeed.

Cynth. You know 'tis my Ambition to be your Slave.

[*Exit.*]

Riot. [*alone.*] I must have a Desire to make Cuckolds; what an agreeable Description have I had from both Hands, of the Ceremony of my Inauguration; never was poor Wittol baited more unmercifully, and never Monster of the horned Herd more heartily deserv'd it; my Forehead truly is as finely spread as the broadest of my Neighbours. Let me see, how shall I make a saving Game o' this? *Arabella* is in the Secret, if I could tempt *Volatil* to marry her, with a Promise to pay all her Fortune, it would oblige her to keep the Secret for her own sake, for I know they like one another; and he seems so much ravish'd with his last Night's Entertainment, he may perhaps be prevail'd with

with to take up with his own supposed Leavings. However the Mony may weigh with him to out-balance her imagin'd Frailty: It shall be so: I'll find him out and propose the thing immediately. What a lucky Thought was this:

*I've heard of Horns that have been tipt with Gold;
But ne'er of Horns that cou'd, like mine, be sold.
Oh were this Secret known to th' City Herd,
What Groves of branching Brows, might be like Stocks
transferr'd.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Volatil and Riot.

Vol. **W**ELL Sir, how does the good Lady that was humbled in your Absence last Night—In what manner did she receive you this Morning?

Riot. [*aside.*] What a Lecture am I to stand—it begins to rise already—I doubt I shall never be able to hear him with any Temper.

Vol. What, Mute! Tell me, did she seem to chide you with a kind confessing Languishment; or did you both, in silent inexpressive Eloquence, talk over the mutual Transport with your Eyes—Or did she hide those little Wanton *Cupids*, and blush, and turn aside, and sigh, and smile, when she met you? Or perhaps dropt her Glove or Handkerchief, and when you stooped to give it her darted at you a sidelong joyous Glance—such as wou'd stir the Blood at Ninety, revive the Dead—Faith it vexes me heartily to think you have the Credit, all the Glory of my Night's Work.

Riot. Quite otherwise, my Friend; she is as peevish as an old Nun; her Reflexion follows so close at the Heels of her Pleasure, she has now no Taste of any thing but the Sin; she talks of Family Honour, Religion and Reputation, and accuses me with the Murder of ten thousand things that are valuable—she weeps and cries I have undone her.

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Vol.

Vol. Poor Creature; let me undo her again To-night: How often cou'd she be content to be so ruin'd at the Price of her Repentance—Pho, pho, they all whine in ebbing Blood; her Sorrow is as much the Child of her Complexion as her Sin—You should have kiss'd her, Man, kiss'd her heartily; and then she wou'd have clapt her warm Lips to yours, and forgot that she was compos'd of any thing but frail Flesh and Blood—she has Sense enough to know she may be a Saint, when she can't be a Sinner.

Riot. Then you think her Penitence is only wore for Decency?

Vol. Like new Mourning, it becomes clean Linen and a fair Skin.

Riot. Poor *Arabella*, come use her well, she likes you—I know she does: 'Tis upon your Account that she is thus melancholy.

Vol. How can that be?

Riot. Why, this Morning when I attempted to excuse what had been done, in awkward Mirth—she with a Flood of Tears revealed her Love for you—That she had lov'd you long, but by this Act of mine was become wholly unworthy—I don't know how 'tis, but she is certainly very fond of you.

Vol. Go on, Sir, to your Consequence—What is it?

Riot. Why, I know thou art tender-hearted, and therefore I did not tell her who was her happy Man.

Vol. 'Twas wisely conceal'd—Now I remember me, I was once a little smitten with her Ladyship too—

Riot. Nay, she likes you above all the World.

Vol. And yet she was content you shou'd, above all the World—

Riot. Come, come, consider the poor Lady.

Vol. What wou'd you have me do?

Riot. What in Conscience and Honour you're oblig'd to; marry her.

Vol. You're a very pleasant Fellow, 'Faith; what, marry a Strumpet?

Riot. No, no—that's too hard a Word; you had first Possession, and I dare swear will have her intirely hereafter—

Vol. Why, dost thou think this is her first Time—
thou

thou canst not fancy, I hope, that I had all the blooming Virgin's Charms—— Oh be assur'd some happier Lover first possess'd that Treasure—— I found it not, my Friend, she was no Maid——

Riot. Torture— Hell— He reads it in my Face; he knows I am his Cuckold—— [Half aside.

Vol. Sir, what's the Matter?

Riot. A shooting Pain struck thro' my Head this Moment; I thought I shou'd have swooned.

Vol. Some Obstruction o'the Circulation; rub your Brows with your Hand, 'twill ease you.

Riot. My Brows!—— Is your Design to affront me; I'll be no Man's Monster. Keep my Cap o' Maintenance a Secret, Sir—— or——

Vol. What, under the Government o' the Moon! Who affronts you; what ails you.

Riot. [Aside.] Fool— Blockhead— Dotard— shall discover my self and ruin all.— [To Vol.] *Volatile*, I beg Pardon, I was so disturb'd with Pain I knew not what I said— Come, come, have Charity; all Women are weak by Nature; forgive this Frailty, for all this she may prove a good Wife.

Vol. I don't doubt it; 'twas a Flush o' the Blood only—— pure Accident.

Riot. Sir—— [Angrily.

Vol. As you say, she may for all this prove a good Wife.

Riot. This Usage is barbarous and inhuman, and since you know my Misfortune, 'tis most indecent in you to boast a Lady's Favours.

Vol. Whe'o— Why were you not a Privy-Counsellor in this Business your self— Nay the *Director* of it— was it not your own Desire, your own Appointment?

Riot. Damnation! No—— you'll provoke me to cut your Throat, without giving you fair Play for your Life—— my Appointment— my Direction— what, to make my self the Mark, the Jest of all Mankind— to be hooted thro' the Streets for the most unaccountable Brute——

Vol. Why did you not consider these Things beforehand?

Riot. Confusion! You know 'twas purely accidental; that

that part of it which was otherwise was my good Wife's Contrivance—— I thank her for it——

Vol. Your Wife's Contrivance !

Riot. Ay—— Curse on your Dissimulation.

Vol. So, I find I am reasoning with a poor Wretch, whose Misfortune 'tis to have too much Blood—— Breathe a Vein, and Shave, and you'll have quite another Sense of the Honour of your Family.

Riot. This is too coarse a Jest, d'ye mind it ; it stings home—— Beware—— you know I am now a dangerous Creature.

Vol. Pox o' your *Spanish* Pride—— Poison your Wife, and marry the young Sinner your self—— I'll wear none of your cast Wardrobe. You may convert Madam *Arabella* into Madam *Riot*, if you please—— I'll not change her Name, I assure you——

Riot. *Arabella* ! ay, he means *Arabella* all this while ; if I could yet be calm, tho' my Blood boils, ferments to Madness ; if I can keep my Temper I may be safe, for he knows not yet it was my Wife. [*Aside.*]

Vol. Good-b'ye to you, Sir ; when you please to recall that banish'd thing your Reason, I'll converse with you again. in the mean time keep your Stale Ware for a Country Chap—— I am *London* bred.

Riot. Stay, dear *Volatil* ; we have misunderstood one another all this while, and 'twas my Error—— I am sorry for it—— Forgive me.

Vol. What a pretty Creature is Man, when he hops up and down without his Senses ?

Riot. Ay, I was disturb'd with a Family-Affair—— We Husbands, you know, can't always be in Humour—— wou'd not Mony make up this Affair between you and my Kinswoman ?

Vol. Mony makes Peace, War, every thing.

Riot. I'll give thee 10000 *l.* and marry her, only to patch up this Family Breach, and to satisfy the Inclination I have to ingraft you into our Blood.

Vol. Let me consider—— 10000 *l.* and take the Girl with all her Faults ? Ay—— well, my Horns will be tipt with Gold at least, and form'd by my own Chisel—— but in whose Hands is this Mony ?

Riot. In mine ; nay, 'tis her own Fortune ; but for all

all that I never design'd to part but with 5000 *l.* a great deal of Money only to fodder a crack'd Reputation.

Vol. Here's my Hand, I'll consider no further; is she prepar'd?

Riot. Leave that to me. *Vol.* No more.

Enter Horatio.

Horatio, I congratulate you upon the Recovery of your Liberty——

Riot. And your Friend.

Hor. Thank you, Gentlemen— They were two Blessings I always held dearer than my Life— I have, in this troublesom Affair, been very ill used by an old *Cent. per Cent.* Rascal.

Vol. So we heard; Sir *Tristram Cash.*

Hor. The same, but I have him at this time in my Power—— You know I have taken the liberty of an empty Garret in your House, where I am forming my Revenge— and shou'd be oblig'd to you for your Assistance to it——

Riot. I wou'd serve you with all my Heart, but I am at present oblig'd to attend my own Affairs.

Vol. Command me, Sir, I am ready to wait on you.

Riot. This way then; I'll open to you the whole Business as we go. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E *changes to Riot's House.*

Sir Tristram discover'd as in a Prison; Horatio's Servant with him like a Jailor.

Sir Trist. What, may I not have the Privilege of Pen, Ink, and Paper?

Serv. No——

Sir Trist. Nor send to a Friend?

Serv. No, Sir.

Sir Trist. What, not a Message to *John Ledger*, my Journeyman?

Serv. You are not to hear from, nor see any Body, without a particular Warrant from Above——

Sir Trist. From Above! You have no Warrant from Above, I am sure, to murder a Man— What? Where's our Liberty and——

Serv. Mention that Word again, and I'll clap 200 weight of Iron upon you. What, wou'd you break Prison?

Prison?— I'll nail you down at your full length upon the Floor, and not suffer a Limb of you to wag; how now, what, wou'd you break Prison?—

Sir *Trist.* Prithee don't snap up a Body so, I have no Design to break your Prison, Friend; but to be catch'd here all on a sudden, and clapt up like a singing Bird in a dark Cage, for one does not know what or wherefore, I do say there is no such thing as Liberty.

Serv. Bloody-minded obstinate Traitor; his arrogant Spirit is not to be conquer'd by a Prison— I dare not trust him, here *Muzzle, Lockit*— Where are you? Bring out your Hand-cuffs and your heaviest Derbies ——— What, I warrant we shall tame you ———

Sir *Trist.* Tame me; ay, I am not so wild— You won't be so unreasonable after all to Fetter me, Pray, dear Mr. Keeper—

Serv. Look ye how he threatens with his Looks, I shall have him attack me in my own Jail: Why, where are you there? [*Enter two other Servants with Hand-cuffs and Irons.*] Equip him, equip him instantly, we are not safe while this Conspirator has the use of his Limbs; so, very well— Sir, I shall make my Report how insolently you have behav'd your self.

Sir *Trist.* Insolent! What does the Knave mean? No Man is of a meeker Spirit in Adversity, tho' I say it— Ah! my Sins have overtaken me; I thought to have rode before 'em full speed to Repentance, but I stumbled and fell across my ill Fortune—

Enter Volatil.

Vol. [to *Serv.*] Where's your Prisoner?

Serv. There Sir, heavy loaden with Cares and cold Iron.

Vol. Pensive as a despairing Lover— What chain'd down, Sir *Tristram!* Why they have fixed as much Iron to keep you at Anchor as wou'd hold a First Rate Man o' War.

Sir *Trist.* Ah Mr. *Volatil*, I am heartily glad to see you; Ay, that Rogue in Whiskers there says he fears I shall break loose, so he has secur'd me from running away, by loading me with more than I can carry; Odd I'd give half my Estate to have that Hang-Dog's Throat cut— I'd fling that Sin into the Scale, and repent in Gross—

Vol. Sir *Tristram*, 'tis not decent for a Man in your
D₁ Condition

Condition to talk thus—Vulgar Opinion has hang'd and quarter'd you already, and that I can assure you is frequently a shrewd Forerunner of publick Justice.

Sir *Trist.* [*angrily.*] Hang'd— for what? Quarter me— wherefore? What a pox, is a Man to be truss'd up and carv'd out here, without Conviction, Jury, Trial, Judge or Evidence— In short, you are my Friend Mr. *Volatil*, and you can't imagine how it goes against me. [*Sobbing.*

Vol. I own I am not much surpris'd— You were always a little *Jacobitishly* inclin'd; now a *Jacobite* is a disaffected Person, a disaffected Person may possibly be a Traitor; and a Traitor must be hang'd.

Sir *Trist.* What do you tell me of your Dog's Logick— I'm as loyal a Person as your self, and I'd have you to know it.——

Vol. It may be so, but they have sworn home.

Sir *Trist.* What have they sworn? 'Tis impossible.

[*Very angry.*

Vol. Nay Sir, you are so passionate! I came to serve you, but if you're angry, farewell.

Sir *Trist.* Dear, dear little *Vol.* I won't be passionate; tho' you know it wou'd trouble one— What, what is there against me?

Vol. Some Informers have depos'd upon Oath that you have, for two Years past, kept a constant Correspondence with *France*, and produced several of your Letters to prove it; which having been compar'd with some Papers seiz'd at your House, do both strengthen and confirm their Evidence——

Sir *Trist.* Here's Roguery now; here's a fine piece of Art; Mr. *Volatil*, I am as innocent——

Vol. I suppose you design to plead, Not Guilty.

Sir *Trist.* [*In a passion.*]—Not Guilty, Sir? Yes I do; what, wou'd you have me confess what I know nothing of— Yes, I think I shall plead, Not Guilty.

Vol. You're mightily out of Temper, Sir *Tristram*; I'll wait on you again, when this Ruffle of your Spirits is a little quieted——

Sir *Trist.* Ah for Goodness sake don't leave me with old *Grim* there; I wou'd not be with him another Hour for my whole Estate—— Give me your Advice a little; what think you, wou'd not a convenient Sum of round ready Gold, handsomly disposed, slip this Halier?

Vol. There can be no Hopes in a treasonable Case, such as yours; for your Estate's forfeited; and when you're executed, you know that comes in course among the Courtiers.

Sir Trist. I'll hang myself, bribe a Jury beforehand to bring me in Lunatick, and bite 'em all: I'll dispose of my Person and my Estate too.

Vol. Oh fy, now you forget you are a Christian —

Sir Trist. You see I am frighted out of my Senses, and you're inquiring into my Religion — I tell you I am horribly vex'd — — Indeed Mr. *Volatil* [*Sobbing.*] 'tis a ve—very, ha—hard Case to be taken off as it were in the very Flo—Flower of ones Age——

Enter Horatio disguis'd.

Vol. [*To Hor.*] *Sir William Beaumien*, your Servant; what charitable Intention brings you to this Place of Melancholy? I know you are ever most industriously watchful of Opportunities to do good.

Hor. I came hither to serve a poor Gentleman in Affliction, one *Sir Tristrum Cash*——

Sir Trist. I am he; you'll excuse Ceremony; you see I am in Bonds: Well, dear Sir, what Hope, what Comfort have we?

Hor. Why, I think I have Interest enough to beg off the Body from the Anatomy of the Executioner ——

Vol. And you generously undertake it?

Hor. With all my Heart.

Sir Trist. [*Staring at him.*] Sir!

Hor. No Body shall see your Inside, and that I think is a Favour.

Sir Trist. Pox o' your Favours, Sir —— I desire none o' your Favours. I believe you are a Rogue.——

Hor. Alas! He has no Sense of Religion, he will die hard; come, I'll go further yet, I'll send a Friend o' mine to you, a Divine, that will mollify that stubborn Heart, and bring you to Reflexion ——

Sir Trist. I'll ha' none o' your Parson, I'll die a Papist first: What have you to do with my Body, or my Principles? You're an impertinent Fellow —— A Parson!—— no, I hope 'tis not come to that yet.

Hor. Shall I send an Undertaker to you? You may order your own Funeral, I suppose you wou'd have the Corps privately and decently interr'd. D 2 Sir

Sir Trist. [*In a violent Passion.*] Get out o' the Room, or I'll beat your Brains about your Ears with my Irons—What, do you come here to mock me? I'll—I'll—

Vol. Hold, hold, *Sir Tristram*; if you are o' furious we must call your Keeper; and you know he has a rough way of treating Folks that are passionate.

Sir Trist. Oh! don't let *Grim* come; I'll bear any thing.

Hor. Come, be patient, *Sir*—— I beg your Pardon for mentioning your Mortality so abruptly—— but if you'll be rul'd by me, I have some hopes 'tis in my Power to save your Life too——

Sir Trist. I open both my Ears—— Do what you will with me, get me but out——

Hor. In the first place, you declare you never were in any Contrivance against the Government.

Sir Trist. Never——never—— I can say it with a safe Conscience.

Vol. I'll answer for him, *Sir William*, his Meditations never went deeper than Tare and Tret, Debtor and Creditor—— except an awkward Elopement or two out o' that Road for the good of his Family, which have succeeded accordingly.

Hor. At what Price now wou'd you buy your Life and Liberty?

Sir Trist. Have you a Commission to sell 'em?

Hor. I have.

Sir Trist. I'll give you a hundred Guineas, or a hundred and fifty, when I am secure.

Hor. Lookee, *Sir*—— these are your only Conditions; you must sign this Instrument for 5000*l.* payable to me or my Order, if I save you; and I'll countersign this to pay the same Value to your Heirs, if I do not——

Sir Trist. 'Tis a bitter Pill—— but I will know what Method you take first.

Hor. Well, *Mr. Volatil* is a Gentleman, and won't use it to my Disadvantage, therefore I'll tell you; there are a couple of Villains who had a violent Inclination to squeeze 10000*l.* out of you, and falsely accus'd you to terrify you out of such a Sum; now I have been accidentally inform'd of their Transactions, and think I may innocently save your Life, and carve a Fortune for my
self

self out of the Occasion — for I am a Gentleman, and must eat.

Sir *Trust*. Ay, this is the true Cant of a Highwayman; tho' my Heart is lighter by a Pound or two.

Vol. But if he signs your Demands, what Assurance has Sir *Tristram* that the other Evidence won't be believ'd?

Hor. They are convict of Perjury on Record; which I will produce, and disqualify 'em as Witnesses.

Sir *Trist.* [*With Joy.*] I am glad to hear it with all my Heart — now I won't give you a Groat: Mr. *Volatil* shall bear witness of the whole Roguery, and I'll swinge you all.

Vol. How! I'll rather join in every thing they can swear against you, and see you tuck'd up before your own Door: What, now he has generously open'd the Truth, wou'd you leave him without his Reward?

Hor. I thank you, Sir — you act like a Gentleman — I cou'd not trust him — you'll think on't, Sir —

Vol. Sir *Tristram*, yours. [*Going.*]

Sir *Trist.* When shall I have my Liberty then?

Hor. As soon as the Matter can be laid before our Superiors.

Sir *Trist.* Well — give me the Pen and Ink, I'll sign; but where's yours?

Hor. Here — when you have sign'd we'll change 'em.

[*Sir Trist. signs, they change the Instruments.*]

Hor. [*Flinging off his Disguise.*] Here, who waits — What is the meaning of this? Do you imprison Sir *Tristram*, when he comes to see his Friends here? Unload his Legs instantly; unmanacle his Hands — open those Windows, and let him breathe a little wholesom Air — What, do you shut him up in a dark Room, as if he were not Master of his Reason — Desire the Company below to walk up; tell 'em Sir *Tristram* is at Liberty, and well; 'twas a false Rumour of his being under the Power of the Moon.

Sir *Trist.* [*Staring about.*] So — so — the Dream is out; — You then are my worthy Friend *Horatio* — this I presume may be some Back-Garret — and *Grim* there I perceive is my old Acquaintance *John Horw'd'ye* — I have been your Prisoner all this while — how —

is it not so — nay I may be mistaken — 'tis odd, very odd and whimsical, in truth —

Hor. You know, most worthy Knight, there was a Visitation of this kind owing.

Sir Trist. Ay; you love to pay your Debts — Hark ye, give me that foolish piece of Paper back again, and it shall go for an innocent Frolick only — d'ye hear?

Hor. I'll not dispose it out o' the Family; for tho' 'twas given under Force, as 'tis only a Conveyance of your Neice's Fortune, which she has a just Title to, the Security is good.

Enter Teraminta, Aurelia, and Valentine.

Sir Trist. There is such a thing as *Magna Charta*, and Common Law and Equity, &c. and I'll lay out 20000*l.* in Revenge, I will — what — a Man of Substance must not walk abroad without a Guard at this rate; ay, if this is suffer'd; odd, I'll poison you, blow you up — shoot you in the Back; I challenge you to fight me.

Vol. Curb your Choler, old Friend, 'tis to little purpose here; these are all Conspirators that are present — *Grim* may lock you up again, there he is; if you'll be generous, and stay to give your Neice in Marriage with that Gentleman, you'll be a welcome Guest. I find *Horatio* has only oblig'd you to pay her the Fortune her Father left her.

Sir Trist. So then, the Mony is to go that way; that is better indeed than I expected — You are a parcel of confederating *Canary-Birds*, and I'll bring a Bill in *Chancery* against you of ten thousand Sheets of Paper, which shall plague you all for sixteen Generations.

[*Exit Sir Trist.*]

Hor. [*To Val.*] Welcome my *Valentine*, my much wrong'd Friend;

Can you forgive the riotous Excess
That made my Hand rebel against my Heart,
And hurt my Brother?

Val. Believe it a tumultuous Dream; no more;
Remember not that Night, when Rage and Wine
Govern'd fair Reason's Seat. Fools that we are,
To think ourselves inspir'd, when we're possess'd,
And take the raving *Dæmon* for a God —

Hor. That Wound my Hand has made my Heart shall
cure: Be-

Behold, my *Valentine*, thy smiling Stars
Have wrought thy Happiness from thy Misfortune;
Take *Teraminta* then, and with her this [*Gives the Paper*.
That is her Dowry — which that you may equal,
I'll double all her Fortune with my own;
That Sum may make you easier than much more,
And screen you both from Envy and Contempt.

Val. Great generous Mind, accept (what I must blush
To think I only have to give) my Thanks.
But Gratitude, long as my Life, shall wait
Solicitous to Heav'n for endless Blessings.
This virtuous Maid shall join her guileless Vows,
And beg a Guard of Angels for your Bounty;
Nor think these empty Words, a worthless Gift;
From the touch'd Heart they fall — dearer than Gold:
For all that he requires, or we can pay,
To the *First Mover*, is but Pray'r and Praise.

Vol. Well Gentlemen, I find you're going to be bound
for Life. Pray give me leave to bring my Partner into
the Dance too; this is the critical Minute for Lovers,
and I don't doubt I shall succeed — If you'll go down
and sup with me, we'll have a Chorus of Weddings, and
make a merry Night on't. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III. *Riot's House.*

Enter Cynthia and Arabella.

Arab. Laud Cousin, you can't advise me to marry this
Fellow.

Cynth. Indeed, Cousin, but I do.

Arab. For what reason!

Cynth. Because you'd be very angry if I don't.

Arab. Pho ———

Cynth. 'Tis a strange thing you shou'd confess his
Image is scrawl'd in Cyphers all over your Heart, and
yet fancy that it won't brighten outwards in your Com-
plexion, and your Discourse — Your Disease is in the
Blood, Child; don't wonder then if it makes a Hurry in
your Spirits, and a Fluster in your Face.

Arab. What if he proves a bad Husband?

Cynth. Then you are to be the Butt of his ill Nature
for Life, that's all. Here he is, I'll leave you; you may a-
gree to play the Fool as I have done, if you think fit.

[*Exit Volatil.*

Enter Volatil.

Vol. You see, Madam, among the Crowd of those chain'd Animals, that grace your Chariot-Wheels, I too take my constant Tour of Duty.

Arab. What, here's a fine Speech a coming; stifle it if it be possible; I confess, Mr. *Volatil*, I am cloy'd with rich Protections; Experience obliges me to believe, that superfluous Compliments, and strong Perfumes, are generally wore to disguise bad Designs, and ill Smells.

Vol. Will you have plain Dealing, Madam; that's the shortest way to a reasonable Heart.

Arab. By all means; I shou'd take something to mortify — For if one must be humbled into a Wife, one would do it by degrees; some time or other it must be, and a little Self-denial will be a good Preparative.

Vol. Malice, quick-sighted as it is, can find no Fault in you, not common to the best and brightest of your Sex.

Arab. You shou'd have a care how you let your Mistress know her Faults; indeed we generally believe you have so much Reason when you praise us, that we rarely can persuade ourselves to think you in the wrong when you make Love to us, and therefore you catch us as Boys do Birds, with the Whistle we delight in; you cunningly make us giddy with good Words, and while the Vertigo lasts, you know every thing turns with us.

Vol. Since you have Courage enough to hear it, I cou'd tell you in homespun Truth, that all the Habits of your Mind, the Affections of your Soul, are with me the Captives of your Beauty; like them, Madam, I shou'd make a faithful Subject, but an ill Slave: How much purer wou'd your Piety be, were your Thoughts never taken off, to make some trifling idle Conquest, from their Addresses to Heaven; how disinterested your Charity, how indulgent your Benevolence, how Angelically inspiring wou'd that Divine Form appear, did not the little Arts of your Sex, the busy Mechanism of vulgar Paint and Earth, call off your noble Mind from the worthy Offices of its Nature, to attend the Triumphs of your Eyes.

Arab. And all this is in plain *British* thus; Pr'ythee *Arabella*, think no more of a Crane, Chariot, and *Flanders*-Mares; but provide an Equipage of good Sense. The Virtues of the Soul are the brightest Ornaments of the

the Body ——— I find, like other Philosophers, you preach Poverty for Gain.

Vol. I own I cou'd retire with thee, with thee alone, into the remotest Corner of the Earth, be in the most Romantick manner thine, renounce Mankind; yes, all the weighty Trifles of this World, where Fools and Knaves by Craft and Fortune rule; and give up all my Hours to Love and thee.

Arab. Well-chosen Flattery ——— I can't help saying, *Volatil*, that you have long had many Friends within — but now they all tumultuously declare I must be yours — you are proclaim'd my Master.

Vol. Thus let me thank thee, thus in circling Joys
[Embracing her.

May each succeeding Hour fill the last.

Arab. Pry'thee use me kindly, *Volatil*; for notwithstanding these Raptures—the Tables are turning, and I must be your Obedient—But did you think I ever shou'd be yours?

Vol. Yes, I always believed it; but I have been contracted to you this half Hour ——— have a Bond for your Fortune, and the Consent of your Guardian.

Arab. He is a thoughtless Wretch; but I think he's punish'd for his ill Nature.

Vol. This is his Contrivance, to make you amends for last Night's Disappointment. My Dear, let us dispatch this Business; he may change his Mind: I see him coming.

Arab. Laud, I tremble so I am ready to sink; but you must do what you will with me. [Exeunt Arab. and Vol.

Enter Riot alone.

Riot. There they go — this may perhaps confirm him in the Opinion *Arabella* was his Bedfellow, and keep off the Suspicion from my Wife, who is still honest in the Belief that I only embrac'd her — So, so, my Brows are smooth again — No body knows it but myself—yet, how can he think he play'd the Wanton with *Arabella* — She's a Virgin — Tortures! Plagues! besides that virtuous Girl will clear herself from all Suspicion. Then it comes out. Why then I have done nothing: Yes, I have advanc'd the Man that grafted these large Horns ——— Vexation! parted with 10000*l.* and am as very a Cuckold as before—

Enter

Enter Horatio, Valentine, Aurelia, Teraminta and Cynthia.

Hor. Mr. Riot, where's your Friend and his Bride?

Riot. My Friend, Sir? ———

Hor. Ay, we are made Couples for Life, and are come to take a Dance with you ——— we are just join'd together.

Riot. Don't mock me, Sir; every Man may be a Monster that's Married.

Hor. He's mightily out of Humour, strangely alter'd.

Riot. Alter'd!

Cynth. What's the Matter, my Dear?

Riot. Your Folly, Madam, is the Disease, and your Impertinence will hardly prove the Cure ———

Cynth. [*aside.*] Horns come as hard as Teeth, I find ——— On how it works within him.

Enter Volatil and Arabella.

Vol. Who wishes us Joy, and a bundle of Boys the first Night?

Cynth. Married!

Vol. Fast as the Priest cou'd tie us ——— What, in the Dumps, Riot?

Riot. [*Sullenly to his Wife.*] Wife ———

Vol. [*Privately to Riot.*] Ay, do let her know the whole Story; 'twill add wonderfully to your Contrivance, and give her a sensible Satisfaction.

Riot. Wife, you're a Whore.

Vol. Ah! No bug Words.

Riot. Have you any Property here? I'll make a Bill of Sale of her for a Doit.

Vol. Ha! ha! ha! Why what a merry Mortal were you, to take all this Pains to bring your Wife and I together? ——— the least Hint you cou'd have given me wou'd have been enough; I am not hard-hearted, I.

Arab. You're a pretty Gentleman indeed, to disappoint a Lady the first Night — Cruel Creature — you see, Sir, now I have got me a brave Fellow, that dares undertake his Quarrels without a ——— *Second.*

Riot. Oon's you are a Jilt, a very Jilt.

Vol. Hold, Sir, consider she is my Wife ———

Riot. Ay, thank Heav'n — 'tis the only Consolation I have — I forgot to Congratulate you; in Troth I am heartily glad you are Married.

Arab.

Arab. Hard-hearted Man, you are the first Son of *Venus* sure that ever sacrificed his Mistress before Possession;— if I remember right, Sir, you had a mighty Ambition to make a Cuckold ———

Vol. He has done it, Madam — done it effectually.

Arab. I cou'd not conceive the Gentleman design'd to practise upon himself.

Vol. No 'faith, that was entirely new — ha! ha! —

Hor. 'Twas charitably done to help your Friend in full Blood to an agreeable Bed-fellow, without charging him with any more than the guilt of simple Fornication—

Vol. That was all I intended, you are my Witnesses.

Arab. Barbarian! Then I was all along only made his Property, it seems he design'd the Favour only for *Cynthia*, and you for his Plenipo; ha! ha! ha!

Riot. What, merry with the Musick of your own Chimes — lovely Idiot!

Vol. Cou'd the Wit of Man have contriv'd to have given a Lady her Revenge more decently?

[*Hor. and Vol. holding Riot.*]

Arab. Ay, without her Knowledge.

Hor. That neither her Honour nor Conscience shou'd be touch'd.

Arab. And yet at the same time to oblige his Friend.

Vol. And save his Mistress.

Hor. To punish no Body but himself ———

Vol. Perhaps he wanted an Heir ———

Arab. And being Indolent, or Insufficient ———

Hor. Was a stealing one in this Clandestine manner—

Riot. Curses confound you ——— what, must I patiently be tied to a Stake, and baited?

Hor. Poor Gentleman! well, I'll engage 'tis a Boy.

Arab. I don't doubt the Child will live to be a Comfort to you.

Riot. to *Vol.* Sir, you are a ———

Hor. Ah Sir, your Choler rises too fast ———

Arab. He has Hay in his Horns, take care — well, we can all reckon for you, nine Months hence your Design will be compleat ———

Vol. And by that time I'll engage for a Counter-part here to my Work of last Night ———

Arab. Well, Mr. *Riot* has certainly the handsomest, easiest, out o'the way manner of conferring Obligations —

Vol. You, Madam, must have been in the Secret too, or Chance wou'd have been Mistress of the best part of the Design —

Riot. [*In a calm, low Passion.*] 'Twas a Mistake, my worthy Friend, purely a Mistake — and without Design, believe it — the Superfluity only of that very good Woman's Affection.

Vol. Nay, then I don't wonder you are out of Humour — Come, hold up your Head, Man, let your Horns become you, they are of the newest Make; for she has had the Pleasure of the Fact, without the Guilt of the Crime —

Riot. Sir, you may be pleasant, as pleasant as you please — but!

Vol. Why, if you are in the Road to Heaven, don't be angry with your Guide —

Riot. Sir, I'll be Angry when and with whom I please — if I am a Savage, don't wonder I have leap'd the Pales of Civility — As for that Lady, with her Works of Supererogation, I'll be Divorc'd — Unchain'd — that's some Comfort —

Arab. Why are you so impatient of the Marriage Yoke — observe him a little — he foams at the Mouth, and looks as if he wou'd Bite one —

Riot. Harkee, take off your Paraquet; your Mischief-making Monkey, — your Wife, Sir — she is troublesome —

Arab. Poor Man! He talks and flares very wildly; Mr. *Volatil*, do all Husbands in his Condition make just such odd Figures? —

Vol. Just so, 'till the thing grows Customary; Time will make it easy.

Arab. Then you think he will be tamer?

Vol. Ay, ay, he'll take a House in the City, get into the Herd, and then 'tis nothing — ha! ha! — nay, give me leave to laugh immoderately — 'faith 'twas a pleasant Mistake; I did you the Favour by your own Consent, at your own Request; you know it. —

Riot. Tortures — Racks — Death — I can bear it no longer. — [*Calmly*] So Gentlemen and Ladies; what, I perceive you are all invited upon the Occasion — well, I am; I own I am — that pretty Innocent two-leg'd Animal call'd a Cuckold; I confess it — nay, I have refin'd upon Cuckoldom too, and found out a
Way

Way to make a Husband a Monster, without putting a fine Lady to the expence of a Blush — For this Woman is wholly Guiltless — yes, and the Gentleman too — ask 'em both else — [*To his Wife.*] Dem your Demureness — Come, Sir, Draw; I'll cut your Throat to begin, and prove I am no tame Brute.

Hor. Hold, hold, Sir, we have had too much of this Sport already. [*Takes his Sword.*]

Riot. You can't disarm me of my Horns, I have those Weapons still — [*Coming up to Vol. a little more composed.*] Mr. *Volatil*, 'tis unworthily done to insult me thus, and I expect you'll answer it.

Cynth. [*Aside.*] I suffer with him now; methinks his disquieted Mind discovers there are some Sparks of Love and Honour yet within him unextinguish'd.

Riot. What! to be the publick Ball of scurril Tongues; a By-Word and a Jest for the Mouth of every Sarcastic Knave — to be pointed at, and distinguished by my Follies; I'll not endure it, no; I'll retire into some remote private Corner of the Country, where I may never hear of my own Vices, or that foolish Woman more, — Well, if you have done your barbarous Mirth I am satisfy'd — My Heart is too full to speak my Resentment — But my Hand may do me Justice — I am wounded deeper here than you believe — tho' I must own I have deserv'd this Treatment from that Lady, who I believe is virtuous.

Cynth. My Dear, be calm — I have with much Pain deny'd my self the Satisfaction of unravelling this Affair sooner, and waited only for this lucky Opportunity, 'till you were wrought into a thorough Conviction of your Errors — be easy — nothing has happen'd as you think — Mr. *Volatil* and my Cousin have only join'd with me to Punish you in this manner — If our Jest has had a little too much Gall — If our Mirth has been too severe or pungent, I heartily ask pardon.

Riot. Hah! What?

Vol. Come, come, — after all you are not qualify'd for the Forest yet, you are no Cuckold.

Riot. Make that appear, and I shall be happy again, *Volatil* —

Vol. They both are Innocent; Guiltless of the Fact, and the Intention. When I came Home the last Night

by your Appointment, I found the House lighted, the Servants up, and these two Ladies in the Parlour expecting you—Your Wife had prepared a pretty Moral Lecture to have made you blush, and chid you into Honesty—I seeing their Chaste Simplicity was obliged to Silence, and took part with Virtue; and you see it has succeeded to my Wish.——

Riot. Can this be real? Joy and Wonder both at once surprize me.

Cynth. By my hopes of Peace and future Happiness you have no Injury: 'twas a weak Woman's Stratagem, only design'd to win you over to Love and Repentance.

Arab. We were strangely surpriz'd to find Mr. *Volatil* sent as your Deputy——but we soon brought him over to our Design—Come, be reconcil'd to *Cynthia*, I am a Witness of her Truth and Virtue—Believe me, you may be an *Épicure* at Home, if you don't push the Blessing from you with both Hands.

Vol. Thou hast a Treasure in this Woman, who never endeavour'd to reclaim you but with her Smiles—she wou'd be a faithful Companion, if you wou'd permit her—

Riot. I am Tongue-ty'd in my Guilt——my Follies glare upon me in their full Light——This Conviction in my Mind, gives me Hopes I shall amend—Can you, my Dear, forgive me?——my future Life shall pay the mighty Debt I owe thy Virtue, with eternal Love; Heav'n kindly invites me back to thy Chaste Arms, nor will I ever stray again——no, not in Thought.

Cynth. Welcome, thou Wanderer——Oh welcome to my Soul, my Joy can only be fully express'd in the continu'd Perseverance of my whole Life to serve and please you; I'll neither be Sullen nor Gay when you're out of Humour, nor Impertinent nor Melancholy when you're pleas'd—I'll oblige my Affections to wait and submit to the various Turns of your Temper, till I have stole into your Heart, and brib'd over all your Passions to my Interest—yet when I am absolute Mistress there, I'll not forget to rule with Temperance and Justice, without which neither Love nor Government can subsist.

Vol. Come Gentlemen, I have engag'd for a Dance, then we'll go in and finish the happy Night. [*Dance.*

[*After the Dance.*] This is a Day of Miracles in Love;

Teraminta,

Teraminta, Aurelia, Horatio, Valentine—let us unite our Joys, and celebrate our Nuptials together. As for you, my Friend, we must endeavour to draw you by just Degrees to Virtue's Charms; nor dare at once to show you all her Lustre—your Sight is yet too weak to bear it.

Riot. I own I may be Blind with too much Light, but I see so well at present, to be fully satisfy'd that the Libertine's Joys are all short, and false, as Feverish Dreams, wherein the whole Animal Oeconomy is miserably torn and distracted, to support a momentary *Delirium*—Nor can the most extravagant Voluptuary, in all his expensive Pursuits, possess a Blessing like a good Wife.

*He therefore who wou'd have his Pleasures last,
And, while a Mortal, Food of Angels taste,
A Circling Round of lasting Heav'nly Charms,
Must find 'em in a Virtuous Woman's Arms.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

YE Riots in the Pit, who view this Glass,
And are, what he (before his Taming) was;
Reflect, Reform: Go to your several Houses,
And from this very Moment—Love your Spouses.
Our Poet here persuaded me to stop,
Make my Devoirs, and let the Curtain drop:
But I resolv'd to stay, and tell ye too
What to bad Husbands, had we Pow'r, we'd do.
Cou'd we a Parliament of Women call,
We'd vote such Statutes as shou'd Tame you all.
First, we'd Resolve That all those marry'd Fellows
Shou'd Banishment endure, who durst be Jealous:
For tho' that curs'd Disease proceeds from Love's soft
Passion,
Nothing should be a Crime in us but Demonstration.

Next,

EPILOGUE.

*Next, That those dull uncomfortable Wights,
Who sleep all Morning, and who sot at Nights,
Shou'd find, when they reel home, with Surfeits cloy'd,
Their tender Wives with better Friends employ'd.*

*Lastly, The Man that breaks the Marriage Vow,
(If any such in this good House you know)
For the first Crime shou'd suffer a Divorce;
Adieu those tempting Words,—for better and for worse.
The Ladies shou'd be free again, to wed,
And the false Men be Naturally dead.*

*But hold,—What makes me impotently rant?
The Will we have, But oh! the Power we want:
And you, vile Husbands, when these Threats you hear,
Will only grow worse Tyrants than you were.
Yet have a Care. For tho' we cannot make
Laws for Mankind, we can their Orders break:
The War, 'tis said, is drawing near an End.
And not one Woman then can want a Friend.
The Brave will all to this dear Town repair,
And They were always Guardians of the Fair;
By faithful Service to their Country done,
Our Sex's Favour they have fairly won:
And may they still have this propitious Doom,
Conquest Abroad, and just Returns at Home.*

*These are our Wishes—And if any here
The Glorious Character of Soldiers bear,
I hope their Favour to this Play they'll show,
And pay our Poet, what to Us they owe.*

F I N I S.



